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THE WHISTLES OF BOATS in the harbor and the whir of airplanes overhead announced to New York the approach on October 15 of the airship Graf Zeppelin even before it came in sight around the edges of the downtown buildings. A hundred thousand heads were stretched out of office windows; crowds stood still in the streets and gazed at the narrow slices of sky visible between the buildings. Then quietly and with an air of supreme unconcern the great boat flew, or rather floated, into view. It passed quickly, without effort or even the appearance of motion, over the city; turned again; flew south and then out over the harbor. It was hard to believe that so serene and mighty a bubble could ever have been tossed about by storms, or bobbed in the wind. But the end of the voyage of the third airship ever to fly across the Atlantic Ocean must have brought relief to its sixty persons aboard as it did to millions of other people on both sides of the sea. The long trip; the stormy, unsettled weather; the scanty and conflicting reports; the thrilling tale of repairs made in mid-air over mid-ocean—all served to create a sense of uncertainty and anxious concern. Flying the ocean either in plane or airship is not yet so casual and safe a business that the element of excitement has been lost. Not one person looking out of New York's windows but felt a breathless moment of triumph and relief when the great cloud-like ship swept over the towers of the city.

GOVERNOR SMITH still has two and a half times as many votes, in *The Nation's* poll of its subscribers in the United States, as his nearest rival, Norman Thomas. The total now stands: Smith, 6,317; Thomas, 2,542; Hoover, 2,526; Foster, 396, with the rest scattering. Taken by States Smith carries the South over Hoover by three and a half to one; New York goes to Smith by five to one. North Carolina, that much-debated Southern territory, gives almost six times as many votes for Smith as for Hoover; Virginia gives more than four times as many. Wisconsin, which Republican managers are trembling over, votes nearly three times as often for Smith as for Hoover; Minnesota, also a Republican stumbling block, has two and a half times as many votes for Smith. In the entire list of States Hoover wins but one: South Dakota, and there Smith is only five votes behind. Illinois still has two Smith votes to one for Hoover. Meanwhile, in a surprisingly large number of cases, Norman Thomas matches or betters the Hoover vote. In the old South he is behind, as in the Southwest and in rock-bound Vermont; but in New York and New Jersey, in Pennsylvania, in the Middle West, and in the far Northwest he polls as well as or better than Hoover. In only three States is the Thomas vote within 50 per cent of that given to Smith: Colorado, Rhode Island, and—shades of Cabots and Bradfords and Lowells—Massachusetts!

BOTH ALFRED E. SMITH and Herbert Hoover have made their tariff speeches and both utterances are to their discredit. Governor Smith's is the worse by a good deal, for he has, besides flinging over the historic policy of his party of advocating tariffs for revenue only, set forth a program which after all differs from Mr. Hoover's merely in degree. More than that, he has taken to his breast that device for fooling the American people known as the Tariff Commission, promising to revamp it if he is elected. We have no doubt that he is perfectly sincere in his belief that he can work out a tariff which will favor all the people in the community and will permit of no special privilege. But that is the veriest nonsense and he might just as well promise the voters that if elected he will institute at once a regular line of Zeppelins to the moon. He obviously has not the faintest idea what the protective tariff really is. There is less excuse for Herbert Hoover's economic blunders because he is popularly supposed to be an authority on the mechanics of international trade. As it is, his address is a mass of contradictions. The whole thing was skilfully written for the audience to which he appealed, but it is superficial and unsound to a degree and not even wholly consistent with his previous utterances. We shall give more space to both these speeches next week.

SENATOR THOMAS J. WALSH has uncovered another oil scandal. It is only a mild scandal compared to the stench of Teapot Dome, but it involves Hubert Work, former Secretary of the Interior, now Mr. Hoover's campaign manager. Walsh charges that Work while sitting in the Coolidge Cabinet last February renewed a contract with the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company under

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which the government will lose over $2,000,000 because it sells oil from the Salt Creek, Wyoming, fields to the Sinclair interests at a price considerably below the market. The original five-year contract under which Sinclair buys this government oil so cheaply was made by ex-Secretary Albert B. Fall in 1922, and it appears that Fall gave the Sinclair interests an option to renew the contract at the old price for another five years. This option, Senator Walsh declares, was illegal because Fall gave it to the Sinclair interests secretly and no mention of it was made in advertising for bids. But Work, Attorney General Sargent, and his assistants held that the Sinclair option was legal, and they renewed the contract in February, selling the oil to Sinclair while certain Kansas oil companies were clamoring to buy it at a higher price. The government's legal advisers may be correct in maintaining that the government is compelled by the law to recognize the Sinclair option, but the Administration's handling of the case arouses grave suspicions. The Department of Justice, according to Senator Walsh, will not make public its legal memoranda on the subject, and the case which the Senator makes against the legality of the contract is apparently sound. Can it be that the Administration is seeking to evade exposure until after Election Day?

ONE SHOULD NOT CONFUSE the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers with the independent and distinct group of James G. Scripps. In his article on California Is for Hoover in *The Nation* of October 10 George P. West mentioned the Los Angeles *Record* as a Scripps-Howard newspaper when in fact it belongs to the latter group. H. B. R. Briggs, editor of the *Record*, in a telegram to *The Nation*, dated October 11, asking for a correction, says that his journal has been advocating the candidacy of Governor Smith and he adds this prediction:

> I hazard an humble opinion that Smith today has a good fighting chance to carry Hoover's home State and that he can cinch that chance if he comes here in person and takes an unequivocal stand for public distribution as well as government generation of Colorado River water-power. Senator Robinson, in response to the *Record's* blunt demand, definitely committed himself to this in his San Francisco speech Wednesday night.

Another reader of *The Nation* in Los Angeles, Mary Elizabeth Paddock, also sends words expressive of optimism in regard to Governor Smith's chances. She writes:

> California is *not* going for Hoover. Smith is now in the last quarter and going strong while Herby is waddling past the first post. At the movies Hoover's picture brings, at best, only a ripple of applause, while Smith's appearance brings pandemonium. . . . If I am mistaken I will see that you get a box of the finest grape fruit procurable when the new crop comes in, but for heaven's sake don't turn Republican on that account!

The temptation is strong, but we've already said too many uncomplimentary things about Hoover to hit the G. O. P. trail at this date. However, we shall not forget about that grape fruit when come the ides of November.

THE LAST POLITICAL PRISONER in the United States was recently released, according to the records of the General Defense Committee of Chicago. He was Leo Ellis, a member of the Industrial Workers of the World. He was convicted under the California criminal-syndicalism law in 1920, but did not begin to serve his term, set at two years by the prison board, until 1926. Of 531 cases brought under the California statute there were 164 convictions, but there are now no prisoners under the law left in either San Quentin or Folsom prisons, although Jack Beavert, because of some mental disorder, was sent to the State hospital at Talmadge when his sentence expired last April, and he is still held there. The prisons of the other States are also empty so far as convictions under sedition or anti-syndicalism laws go, which is reason for thankfulness, but it must not be forgotten that two groups of practically political prisoners are still behind the bars—Mooney and Billings in California and the Centralia victims in Washington. A petition for the parole of the latter men has just been denied by the State board, but we are glad to note that the Puget Sound conference of the Methodist Episcopal church has voted to make an investigation of the case in spite of the protest of the First Church in Centralia. In an editorial entitled Sacco and Vanzetti—A Call for Action, published on August 22, we said there was no national organization fighting for the release of either Mooney and Billings or the Centralia group. We should have said there was no national organization working *solely* for such release. The International Labor Defense, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York City, has made the release of the California and Washington prisoners one of its major efforts, and we understand that steps are under way to organize a new national committee which shall devote itself solely to the release of Mooney and Billings.

COMMUNISTS ARE NOT ENTITLED to the protection of the Constitution in the opinion of various local police officers in Kansas, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia where election meetings of the Workers' (Communist) Party have been broken up or prohibited. In Nebraska the American Legion is trying to keep the Communist candidates off the ballot; in Pennsylvania many Workers' Party leaders have been arrested and charged with violation of the sedition act. The most disgraceful destruction of civil liberties has occurred in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where police authorities decided to suppress the Communist remnant of the great textile strike by sheer force of riot sticks. After the conservative unionists had returned to work, Police Chief Samuel D. McLeod instituted what he described as "a cleaning and sweeping-up process" by arresting twenty-seven left-wing strikers on charges of vagrancy and rioting. "We arrested persons," he said, "who we know have not worked since April 16 (the date when the strike began), and who have not satisfied us as to their visible means of support." Since when must an American worker on strike have a visible means of support? The Communists have called off their part of the New Bedford strike and the reign of police terror is over, but the action of Chief McLeod and the acceptance of his policy by the city will leave a permanent stain upon the record of New Bedford justice.

WITH THE TREMENDOUS INCREASE of automobile accidents our system of handling damage cases by jury trial has become a national nuisance. The court calendars of our cities are as badly overcrowded as our streets and, nourished by the law's delay, "ambulance chasers" and claim agents feed upon the victims. Justice Wasservogel of the New York Supreme Court has just is-

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sued an illuminating report on the legal aspects of the accident industry in which he suggests—an idea we have already discussed—that our larger cities might provide for personal injuries from automobiles by a special compensation law similar to workmen's compensation laws, which would take most street injuries out of the courts. Justice Wasservogel also suggests several important safeguards for accident victims who under the present system may be exploited by lawyers and claim agents. Compel the lawyer, he says, to make his settlement of a fee in the presence of the court and do not allow him to take more than one-third of the damages (lawyers quite frequently take one-half). Also, make it compulsory for the damages to be settled in the presence both of the court and of the injured person so that the latter will be sure of his share of the payment. In regard to perjury in judicial cases Justice Wasservogel believes that we have tried to punish it with over-severe penalties. Juries do not like to send men to prison for several years for lying, but they are quite willing to jail them for a few months as an object lesson.

WE HAIL THE NEW Nationalist Government of China with mingled joy and skepticism. All friends of the Chinese revolution are glad that the Nationalist dream of political unity is at least nominally realized, for nothing could be worse than perpetual civil war. Moreover, China is probably wise to choose as executive Chiang Kai-shek, who became head of the new government on October 10 at Nanking. As Chinese generals go he is tolerable. He will have under his direction at Nanking all the machinery necessary for a genuine civilian government, with the best minds of young China cooperating through the quasi-democratic committees of the Kuomintang. The question is: Will that civilian machinery really govern China, and will it preserve any of the social ideals of the revolution? It is at this point that skepticism overtakes us. Chiang Kai-shek seems to have renounced altogether the dreams of social reconstruction advocated by Madame Sun Yat-sen, Eugene Chen, and Wang Ching-wei at Hankow. He has brought into the new State Council five war lords who, together with himself, control six great areas in China, Chang Hsueh-liang in Manchuria, Feng Yu-hsiang in Honan, Yen Hsi-shan in Shansi, Li Chung-seu in Hankow, Li Chai-sum in Canton, and Chiang himself in Nanking and Shanghai. The supreme test of the new Chinese regime will be its ability to compel these six war lords to obey a civilian government.

WHEN THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT formed the Canadian National Railways by merging the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk lines in 1922, to be publicly owned and operated, there were those who insisted that the government had a white elephant on its hands. Their fears have turned out to be groundless. In the first seven months of this year its gross earnings were $146,505,000, as against $135,037,000 for the same period last year, a gain of 8.49 per cent. More important is the increase in net earnings—from $17,200,000 to $23,486,000, a gain of $5,288,000, or 29 per cent. One of the factors that make this showing particularly interesting is the competition between this government road and the Canadian Pacific, a well-managed, privately owned system. At first the Canadian Pacific was in a better financial position—and still is—but the Canadian National, as the figures indicate, is growing up with Canada. And Canada, apparently, profits by the rivalry; it costs the Canadian farmer on an average ten cents less per bushel to send wheat of Western Canada to ports of the Great Lakes than it costs the American farmer to send the wheat of Montana and North Dakota the same distance to our own lake ports.

MARIE FEODOROVNA is dead—the "lady of tears," the most tragic figure among the crowned heads. Not even the Empress Eugenie's chronicle of misery and grief exceeds hers. Both were as if created to convince the world that the path of glory leads but to the grave as surely among queens as among peasants; that royalty wears no talisman against sorrow. Born the Princess Dagmar of Denmark, fate affianced her to the Czarevitch Nicholas of Russia and fate stole him away from her through his death from lung trouble a few weeks before the date for their marriage. In accordance with his dying request, she married his brother on October 26, 1866. Fifteen years later the Czar Alexander II, her father-in-law, was assassinated by Nihilists as he was driving through the streets of St. Petersburg. Her own husband Alexander III died in 1894 at the age of forty-nine. It was her son who was the last of the Romanov czars. It was her son to whom she once said, "Nicholas, *be Czar*"; he who called the first Hague Conference for peace, whose statesmen later insured the World War by mobilizing after their feeble Czar had ordered them to refrain. It was he who, with his whole family, was murdered in that horrible cellar at Ekaterinburg. But not in her belief. To her end she was persuaded that he lived in hiding. Before her collapsed the whole great Russian fabric, the great empire built of blood and tears and human misery that the Romanovs might rule and the aristocrats play in the splendor of their riches created by the backs of the mujiks. Only Denmark was left to her, and Maria Feodorovna returned to her ancestral home if not to her ancestral faith, but not until the war had ended and the revolution had plainly come to stay. And there she died.

ALICE HAS FOUND A HOME at last. Recently the world gasped to hear that Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, the prince of book buyers, had paid $75,000 for the manuscript of Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." Alice was to be taken out of her native country, which had bid in vain to keep her, and exposed to the chill winds of an ocean voyage, the harsh stares of unfriendly aliens, the cold hands of a strange, un-British proprietor. Her affectionate friends in England were alarmed for her safety, but they need not have been, for it has been amply demonstrated that she has friends in America as well who love her no less. Not only has Eldridge R. Johnson paid Dr. Rosenbach $150,000 for the three Alice items—the manuscript and two first editions—but Mr. Johnson has placed the books on exhibition at the Free Library in Philadelphia and will leave them there as long as sufficient persons seem to be interested in them. After that they will tour the country; almost every large city in the United States has begged that the manuscript be exhibited there while the tour goes on. When the trip around the country is over Alice will come home—to Moorestown, New Jersey, where Mr. Johnson will keep her safely and tenderly, one is sure, for the rest of his life. Not for the rest of Alice's life, for book collectors do not live that long. Alice is at present sixty-three years old, but there is every indication that she will live forever.

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The Real Issues of the Campaign

THEY are forgotten—the real issues of the campaign. They have been thrust aside, pushed into the background by issues created by the personality and the faith of one of the candidates. It is Rum, Romanism, and Tammany Hall (in place of Rebellion) of which we hear. It is an alarming, as well as a highly discouraging, phenomenon. We sympathize entirely with Nicholas Murray Butler's admirable letter to Michael Williams, editor of the *Commonweal*, upon the religious hate and bigotry brought out by this campaign. President Butler said in part:

> Men and women who continue to call themselves Christian, at their head great companies of those who for some inscrutable reason feel they have been divinely appointed to preach the gospel of Christ, are betraying that Lord and Master as truly as did Judas and denying Him as truly as did Peter. Men and women who with calm effrontery continue to call themselves followers of Thomas Jefferson and believers in his political doctrines are daily contradicting by voice, by pen, and by deed the most fundamental of all the principles which that great philosopher taught. . . .
>
> To what a pass has the nation come when millions of those who have passed through the common schools, and many of them also through institutions of higher education, are still the willing weapons of a religious hate and a malice that are as immoral as they are un-Christian and anti-American!

The bringing up of these issues has put into the background the fundamental principles upon which the campaign ought to be fought. There is only one candidate who has been steadily pounding upon the economic questions which the public ought to be discussing, upon the question of the control of the government of this country by organized wealth. He, it is needless to say, is Norman Thomas. One may agree with the Socialist platform or one may not, but the fact is that it alone continues the fight which was also waged in varying degrees and on different platforms by Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson in 1912. It matters, of course, profoundly if we are going to slip back into an age of bigotry and religious hate and passion. We thoroughly respect those who find this the paramount consideration in the campaign. But at bottom remains the question which will not be denied: Shall the people rule in America, or shall the corporations and their tools, the bosses? This question is eternal until it is answered aright. If it is thrust into the background now, it merely means a delay in facing it, for faced it must be.

In an artificially stimulated and maintained prosperity we are declining to grapple with fundamental economic conditions. The condition of the woolen and cotton industries, the serious unemployment, are glossed over by Mr. Hoover and his associates, for they are misrepresented, as Secretary Davis has misstated the question of unemployment. The coal industry is, if anything, in greater chaos, and there is no leadership from within or without. In the field of water-power the country faces an issue of stupendous import. Shall the last of our great natural resources be utilized for private profit, or shall they be reserved, developed, and if necessary managed, directed, and operated by governmental authority?

In the railroad field no one knows where he stands—certainly not the railroads. The merger program sponsored by the recent Congressional act has been the subject of endless hearings and debates. It has progressed not one step. The oil industry cries out itself for a dictator who shall limit production, stop the frightful waste, the wild competition, the over-supply in a business which a couple of years ago was reported to be so near extinction as to menace the continuance of the automobile. Everybody admits that the prosperity of the farmers is the very essence of a sound economic life, and yet neither of the leading candidates has advanced a really constructive suggestion.

But leaving these basic economic problems, there are great human issues about which almost nobody speaks—greater economic security for the worker, to be obtained through old-age pensions, insurance against sickness, accident, and unemployment; and in still other ways. Year after year has passed since Secretary Hoover called his Conference on Unemployment in 1921, but we are wholly without provision to meet another emergency. Our lawmakers can draft laws to make Wall Street safe for the most gigantic speculation in modern times, but no one can draw a bill to provide machinery to function when millions are out of employment. No one is planning, outside of the Socialist Party, for greater industrial democracy and greater economic justice. It is only now, nearly at the end of the Presidential campaign, that the leading candidates have begun to discuss at length the protective tariff—that great source of corruption, that great machinery for the creation of economic injustice, that great creator of privilege.

Then there are the vast issues of war and peace, with all their ramifications. The invasion of foreign countries by American troops, our relationship to the other nations of the earth, the foreign debt to us—can anyone say with a straight face that these vital questions, which may mean life or death to hundreds of thousands of American boys, have been adequately discussed in this campaign? Certainly not by the two major parties. Governor Smith has kept almost as far from the Caribbean as from the Negro problem in the South, and neither he nor Mr. Hoover has had one word to say about the disenfranchisement of millions of our fellow-citizens. Mr. Hoover is concerned with our outward safety. Like the Czar of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm he has put his faith in military and naval defense, and then has subscribed to the crassest possible policy of isolation and of national selfishness.

A thousand wrongs in American life cry out to high heaven for redress, but we are told to consider how rich and how happy we are, and how we can add to that happiness and prosperity at the expense of other peoples. And even this prospect is overshadowed by the steam and smoke engendered by the fires of religious hate, bigotry, and prejudice. Those are right who declare that the battle for personal liberty, for freedom of conscience and thought, must be fought anew in every generation. It will be fought out, and so will the struggle as to whether the United States is to be the property of a favored few or of the great masses of the American people whose labor and whose toil create the wealth that we have.

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Hoover and the Scripps-Howard Press

HOW long will the Scripps-Howard newspapers continue to support Herbert Hoover? It seems incredible that editors who supported La Follette in 1924 should now engage in a national campaign for a candidate who is opposed to every progressive ideal which led La Follette to break with the Republican Party. If these editors had changed principles with the new allegiance, their position would be more comprehensible, but they have not—at least not officially or publicly. Hearst with all the vagaries of his temperamental career never made himself more ridiculous than the Scripps-Howard editors have done in trying to picture Hoover as a liberal on the power issue after his speech in Tennessee.

In his address at Elizabethton Hoover said not a word about Muscle Shoals, although it is a leading issue in the campaign and Tennessee was the logical place for a commitment. He deplored government intervention in business and praised our regulation as adequate to meet abuses. Coolidge himself could not have made a speech more satisfying to Samuel Insull and the National Electric Light Association. Edward J. Meeman of the Scripps-Howard Knoxville *News-Sentinel* hit upon one sentence which read:

> There are local instances where the government must enter the business field as a by-product of some great major purpose, such as improvement in navigation, flood-control, scientific research, or national defense, but they do not violate the general policy to which we should adhere.

Mr. Meeman asked Hoover if Muscle Shoals was one of the "local instances." Mr. Hoover said that it was. Whereupon the wires of the Scripps-Howard newspapers all over the country hummed with jubilation. "Herbert Hoover," said the New York *Telegram*, "has strengthened his hold upon liberal voters by declaring for continued government ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals."

Mr. Hoover immediately went into conference with his advisers and produced a statement which revealed his real attitude. He had been correctly quoted, but the inference about government operation was pure moonshine. "There is no question of government ownership about Muscle Shoals," he said, "as the government already owns both the power and the nitrate plants." He declined to utter a syllable about short-term leasing or government operation, or the Norris bill for government development of Muscle Shoals which Congress had passed and Coolidge had killed by a pocket veto.

What should the Scripps-Howard papers have done? For four years they had been assailing Coolidge for his Muscle Shoals policy, and now their own favorite had made a statement which, as the New York *Herald Tribune* said, "was accepted as being in line with the refusal of President Coolidge to sign the Norris government-ownership bill." The thing to have done would have been to tell their readers in plain language what had happened: Hoover had not said one word to indicate that he believed in the government operation of Muscle Shoals, which was the crux of the whole problem and the thing which the Scripps-Howard papers stood for.

Instead of doing this the Scripps-Howard papers came out on the two following days with editorials hailing Hoover's indorsement of the government ownership of Muscle Shoals as a significant "public stand." "Government ownership of such a vast enterprise as Muscle Shoals," said the New York *Telegram*, "is the nation's safeguard against extortionate exploitation by the private-power interests—power being a natural monopoly and thereby subject to the instincts of greed to which private initiative is heir." Not a word to indicate that the power interests also accept the government ownership of Muscle Shoals and that all they want is the right to exploit on their own terms the development which the people have paid for. On October 13, 1927, the twenty-six papers of this chain carried a letter signed by Robert P. Scripps summarizing the Scripps-Howard platform for the campaign. The platform demanded that the United States recognize its position as a member of a community of nations looking toward reduction in armaments, that civil liberties should be protected, that sumptuary and so-called "moral" legislation should be restricted, that public interest should be made paramount in electric-power development with honest experiments in government operation, and that the oil-lease corruption should be officially condemned.

Where does Hoover stand in regard to these policies? He does not champion the League of Nations or a general disarmament program; he has nothing to say against the Administration's invasion of Nicaragua; he is silent on Tom Mooney, Centralia, and the widespread destruction of civil liberties in time of strike; he is siding with the die-hards in "moral" legislation; he opposes government operation of water-power systems and declares that State regulation is adequate to control the power trust; he has never officially or specifically repudiated Fall, Doheny, Sinclair, and Hays. How long will the Scripps-Howard papers run with the hare and hunt with the hounds?

The Authors of Books

WHEN Thackeray read "Jane Eyre" he wanted to see Charlotte Brontë, for he supposed the author of this novel to be a highly interesting person. And from her letters, as well as from the information about her very remarkable family that we now have, we know her to have been interesting. But Thackeray, after long delays and many hesitations on the part of Miss Brontë, got her into his house one evening for dinner only to discover that it was quite impossible to converse with her. Not only was she so impressed by him that her tongue became tied; she was no talker anyway, and after a painful hour the author of "Vanity Fair" slipped away to his club, leaving the others who bore his name to struggle with the silence and the social ineptitude of the author of "Jane Eyre."

It is an old story. We have heard of a brilliant American editor who, having introduced a promising Western novelist to the public through his pages and having enjoyed his correspondence with her at a distance of some

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1,100 miles, rejoiced at the news that at last she was traveling to New York. He made sure that she should come to his office and go out with him for lunch. The only trouble was that they had nothing to say to each other, and that in consequence she seemed dull—as doubtless he did also.

It is an old story that we seem never to remember when a new occasion arises. We are perennially deceived by what is known as the personality of an author into believing that this personality clings to his person as well as to his page. We make too much of the fact that a few famous writers have been famous talkers to boot; as, for example, Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Carlyle, Wilde, and Shaw. For these there have been hosts that entirely lacked the power to convince anyone that they could have produced their books through other means than magic. The nothing that we know about Shakespeare makes us suspicious that this man who peopled so vast and picturesque a world of people was no person in himself, was disappointing to meet, was quite dumb perhaps when called upon to speak. While Aeschylus and Sophocles moved easily in the society of Athens and became popular personages, Euripides seems to have been a retiring poet who made little or no impression. Chaucer was described by himself, and pictured by a contemporary artist, as one who kept his eyes on the ground and said few words—none of them, it is possible, inspiring. There is a long list of literary figures who could not have charmed audiences with their tongues if they had desired; they had impediments in their speech. This is true of two of the greatest living English novelists, as it was true of good-natured Oliver Goldsmith. And who of those who in this century were fortunate enough to catch an occasional midnight glimpse of the valetudinarian Marcel Proust in Paris—he nursed his asthma in a sealed and padded room out of which he went only in the middle of a clear night—could have had the slightest inkling of the masterpiece he was painfully bringing to birth out of the deep memories he marshaled with some mysterious strength.

We are not saying, of course, that every writer will be disappointing when come across in the flesh, but only that there is no rule in the matter—and no necessary connection whatever between the arts of literature and conversation. If one's favorite novelist is like his books, so much the better perhaps; but we do not advise the devoted reader to seek that author out. Many have gone to hear their heroes and heroines lecture, and most of these have been bewildered by the stupidity of the performance. Artists notoriously have little to say about their work. And this is proper, since we are coming more and more to understand the processes by which the work is produced. It issues, one discovers in many cases, from a personality which is not, strictly speaking, the author's personality at all, or in any event is purely an artistic personality. Artists surprise themselves by what they write, and are not lying when they insist that they do not know where their ideas, words, and characters come from. A little more belief in the classic doctrine of inspiration would save our hero-hunters much pain and disillusion.

So we hope that there will be an end some day to the tiresome exploitation by publishers and booksellers of literary persons who in this public sense do not exist. We can wish for these persons nothing nicer, we think, than neglect—and the right to go on working at their books, which we in our turn shall praise or blame merely as books.

Mussolini the Humorist

PREMIER MUSSOLINI has just interviewed the editors of all the Fascist newspapers in Rome, and has shown himself a better dictator than journalist, and a better humorist than either. His suggestions must have caused his hearers to writhe, the more because he is in a position to see that his slightest wish is carried out. "Some newspapers," said the Duce,

> feel the need to inform their readers that "A young professor shoots his wife," as though this was of interest to anyone except the professor's janitor and his immediate relations. Other papers dish up again for the thousandth time the mystery of Prince Rudolph at Mayerling, and others reprint to the point of nausea stories about the American colored dancer, Josephine Baker, or the so-called "Black Venus." All this is harmful to the education of the masses.

The education of the masses, "great national problems"—these should be Fascist news features, and the stuff of the headlines. If the public craves sensational stories about colored dancers, cure them of this childish taste by a discussion of the Italian state and a veneration—not too highly colored—of the Duce himself. For, in a most emphatic sense, Mussolini is the state, he is Fascism, he is—and h would not deny it—Italy.

Nor was the great man any less forthright on the subject of freedom of the press. It is not reported that the editors sat up in their chairs and gasped; probably they are by now incapable of surprise. But they listened to this:

> The old accusations that Fascist tyranny suffocates the freedom of the press no longer receive any credit. The Italian press is the freest in the whole world. . . . Italian journalism is free because it serves only one cause and one regime. It is free because within the limits allowed by law it can exercise, and does exercise, the functions of control and criticism and propulsion. . . . They [Fascist journalists] do not await orders day by day. They have these orders in their consciences.

In other words, tie a horse up with a short rope, beat him over the nose if necessary, and it is altogether likely that he will not only turn docile but act as if he enjoyed doing so. The Italian press is free—to praise Fascism; the Italian press is free—to extol the glories of Italy under Mussolini; the Italian press is free—to offer every insult to foreign states that the Italian army makes possible, to editorialize with the utmost braggadocio about Italy's plans for world domination, the advent of the new empire of the Caesars. But let a newspaper editor or news writer, native or foreign, doubt this program in the columns of a newspaper printed in Italy and he and his paper are doomed to extinction—he to jail or to the islands of exile, or to constant surveillance at home, the paper going to the hands of some Fascist who hears orders in his conscience without having to be told them.

Mussolini made one more request of his editors: They should not, he begged, use exaggerated praise when speaking of himself. "For instance," he said, "anyone can say that as a player of a violin I am a very mediocre amateur." As a violin player, then, he is an amateur; as a novelist, as a recently reprinted novel shows, he is hardly that. But his forte is humor.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

A POLITICAL leader kneeling by his bed at night may be pardoned if he prays with bitterness, "Good Lord deliver me from ever having to depend upon support from liberals."

They are smooth stones like those which David gathered in the brook and no man in difficulties does well to rest his weight upon them. Surely at the present time there ought to be a liberal revolt against the personality and policies of Herbert Hoover. His program is a complete repudiation of all the things which progressives have held dear and yet there is no rumble of marching men nor any swinging cloud to indicate that the liberals have taken up arms and are moving to defend the right.

As usual the ranks are facing in several directions. Certain liberal forces remain with Herbert Hoover. The Scripps-Howard newspapers, for instance, support the Republican candidate because, as far as I can gather, of some intuitive feeling that the man can't possibly be as stuffy as his speeches. Curiously enough Mr. Hoover has been singularly successful in making crumbs suffice to comfort vast multitudes of his supporters. Not since the miracle of loaves and fishes has any large group of people been able to subsist on so little.

Certain believers in modification of the Volstead Act still follow in the train of Hoover for no better reason than that he called Prohibition an experiment. Since the man has not advocated that every agriculturist be boiled in oil Borah and others insist that he is friendly to the farmers. His vaguest word on water power is sufficient to convince the Scripps-Howard forces that all the more rational implications of his words are actually not true and that when Mr. Hoover is done with campaign necessities he will stand revealed as a man of foresight and of courage.

But after all who am I to endeavor to create a creed for liberals? There is no Pope for progressives nor any sort of clearing house. It is entirely possible that to some people Herbert Hoover may seem a spear thrust against the belly of privilege and corruption. By what process of reasoning such a decision can be reached I do not know. However, no barriers can justly be set against those who conscientiously ship with the Fighting Quaker. I listened once to an Irish orator who was speaking for peace and unity in his distressed country. Although a Catholic and a champion of the Republic he tried to prove that there was no necessary breach between himself and the men of Ulster. Brandishing his arms above his head he declared to an enraptured audience, "I have never said an unkind word against the Orangemen, ignorant, bigoted, and deluded though they may be." And some such blessing I would wish upon the heads of all those who follow Hoover and still call themselves progressives.

Having snapped at one hand which feeds me I might go on to say that the nature of support given by *The Nation* to Al Smith is hardly such as to encourage any man to face a hostile world with nothing but liberals at his back. In the case of *The Nation* the choice is not easy. Much can be said to justify the liberal who votes for Norman Thomas. And that "much" should be said and reiterated. After all it is in character for a liberal to see both sides of any question. However, he should not emulate the donkey who, seeing both haystacks, could not move in either direction. There is a tendency among progressives to give so much time to the weighing of candidates that the election is over and done with before they have reached a decision to take any effective action.

I do not contend that Smith is the ideal leader to bring us all to a new freedom. None can deny he is a practical politician and that he has come up from city streets through the aid of Tammany. At this point I might interrupt cynically to say that he could hardly have risen from that lowly estate through the help of any reform organization. The children of darkness are more energetic and up and coming than the children of light. But anybody who thinks that Smith was swallowed by the Tiger which he rode is simply unobservant. Al has carved the animal as neatly as Mowgli skinned the big beast in the first Jungle Book. It is preposterous to think of Smith taking orders from Olvany. The leader of the Hall functions in name only. When Al cracks the whip Tammany will play dead and also roll over.

However, this digression gets me away from one of my chief complaints against the liberals. Of course the deepest hell should be reserved for Borah who has gone completely regular. But then I never did think of Borah as truly a liberal. He was always a man to quit cold when he hit the line of scrimmage. It is against better men than Borah that I complain. Where does Norris stand now that the fight has begun and where is young La Follette? In a sense they have given support to Smith but it is wholly of a negative character. They have not come out for Hoover. They have, it is true, expressed sharp disagreement with certain of his policies. But when a man belongs upon the barricade it is a little disheartening to find him sitting on the fence.

To an enormous extent liberalism in America has been nothing more than a policy of negation. This does not seem to me unimportant. During a Coolidge era it is well that there should be some to keep on sniping even when there is no possibility of victory in a pitched battle. Frankly I do not think there is the slightest chance for victory now. Hoover is deservedly the favorite at three to one and the odds are likely to go higher. But political developments in America do not depend alone on victories. Most good causes have been won by progress made in spite of many reverses. Little by little right comes to its own innings. And when, pray, did liberals ever win a clean-cut victory without first taking many a licking? What are they afraid of now—Norris and La Follette and the others? It will not do for each liberal simply to save his own skin and a local ticket.

A rousing vote for Smith will make it possible to elect a progressive in 1932 but if the Governor of New York goes down to crushing defeat in November there will be little reason to expect anybody to stand for office on a liberal ticket for the next ten years. Nor would there be much reason why anybody should. Liberals can't always be lone wolves. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The "Race to the South Pole"

By EARL HANSON

WHEN the winter's Antarctic show is over and the two explorers, Byrd and Wilkins, have returned, one of them will have the honor, as far as the public is concerned, of being the first to fly to the South Pole, while the other will be a sort of also-ran, a second-best who was too slow or too unlucky or both. It makes no difference that Wilkins will probably not fly within a hundred miles of the pole, as he purposely went nowhere near the North Pole this year. To those whose knowledge of him is casual, he is that British fellow who got some publicity for being the first to fly over the North Pole from America to Europe. The fact that Amundsen, Nansen, and Stefansson, most of the Arctic men, and most of the world's geographers and navigators proclaim his flight the greatest Arctic flight ever made has been largely forgotten because it was not the first.

Let him complete his Antarctic flight before Commander Byrd completes his, and he will be hailed in half the newspapers in the United States as being the first to fly over the South Pole, thereby putting considerable tarnish on Byrd's golden crown—even if Byrd actually does become the only expedition commander to reach that mathematical point by airplane.

Both Byrd and Wilkins are perfectly aware of this, and I believe that both must also be aware that the glory of being the first to ride in an airplane over that particular country must at best be somewhat shopworn after several people have traveled over it on foot. But both are perfectly helpless. They can only announce their plans, voice their protests, go ahead with their work, and let the public, or at least the newspapers that claim to exist by virtue of knowing exactly what the public wants, keep on talking about the epic race to the South Pole and distribute the glory after the thing is done. And both are perfectly helpless, too, in that they must pay a certain amount of attention to their glory. To an explorer the word is synonymous with publicity, and without publicity he has the devil's own time raising money for expeditions.

Commander Byrd has definitely announced that he wants to fly to the South Pole over approximately the same route that Amundsen followed on foot, from the Ross Barrier and probably the Bay of Whales; also that he and his staff want to tackle some of the more pressing scientific problems that remain to be solved in the Antarctic. Sir Hubert Wilkins intends to fly from Deception Island, off Graham Land, to the Ross Sea, over absolutely unknown territory, keep his eyes open on the way, and pick out a possible site for a future meteorological observatory. Wilkins is embarking on a reconnaissance flight as the beginning of a program that will cover years of careful observation. Byrd has announced nothing for the future. His Antarctic work, as far as we know, will begin and end with this one expedition.

In Commander Byrd we have the highest type of "modern explorer," one who is a genius at raising funds for large expeditions, who leaves no stone unturned to insure the safety of himself and his men. His two ships, the City of New York and the Eleanor Bolling, are on their way South, manned by the eighty expedition-members and loaded with some thousand tons of materials and supplies—planes, food, clothing, houses, motor-sleds, dogs, a completely equipped staff of radio experts, tons of coal, and indoor games—everything that science and enthusiasm can provide to make his expedition safe, sane, and comfortable. He himself, a few of his scientists, and the remainder of his supplies have just left from the West coast on the whaler Larsen, to join the expedition in New Zealand. For every phase of the work he has a separate expert, assisted by several volunteer workers. Everything is carefully planned, every contingency provided for. As far as anybody can tell, only one big factor must remain untested until the time of actual trial—the moral factor. Will the expedition hold together? Will the volunteer-workers be amenable to discipline? Will the scientists cooperate or will each jealously protect his own field of endeavor as the most important in the whole job? Byrd himself lacks one other thing—experience in living and traveling in polar regions. He has flown in the Arctic to be sure, but he did his living on ships. It is not so fortunate that in case of serious trouble, in case it is necessary for him to walk back to the base after a forced landing, it may be necessary for somebody else to tell the commander how to proceed, and how to keep from freezing to death.

In Wilkins we have exactly the opposite. He has cut down his equipment to an absolute minimum and must depend on himself and his knowledge and experience to do the work and pull him out of difficulties. He and Eielson are taking two planes and two extra men. The expedition has just been transported as passengers and freight on a Munson liner to Montevideo. On October 24 they will sail on the steamer Victoria to the Antarctic. As in this year's Arctic flight there will be no base-ship and almost no ground-organization. The extra plane will be along principally for the sake of its parts interchangeable with those of the other and possibly useful as spares. The flight from one sector of the Antarctic to the other will be made without enough gasoline to enable the men to fly back again. They must depend on a chance whaler to take them home from the Ross Sea. Even their communication facilities are poor, for Wilkins has repeatedly demonstrated that the best of radio sets is liable to be of no use to him in emergencies because he himself is at best a poor radio technician. Most of the labor and all of the scientific work will have to be done by Wilkins and Eielson, and in case of a forced landing they will have to walk out alone and unassisted—over the windiest, one of the coldest, and probably the most lifeless region in the world. His plans are an enormous, almost an arrogant demonstration of self-confidence. Even the Royal Geographical Society, in presenting him with a gold medal for his brilliant achievements in Arctic flying, saw fit to give with it an anxious word of warning about the necessity of providing for possible trouble.

I am not so certain that Wilkins is not better provided for possible trouble than any other explorer in the field today. He has not only the necessary psychological qualities, a keen, active mind that functions perfectly in the face of seeming disaster, but the experience as well. He has

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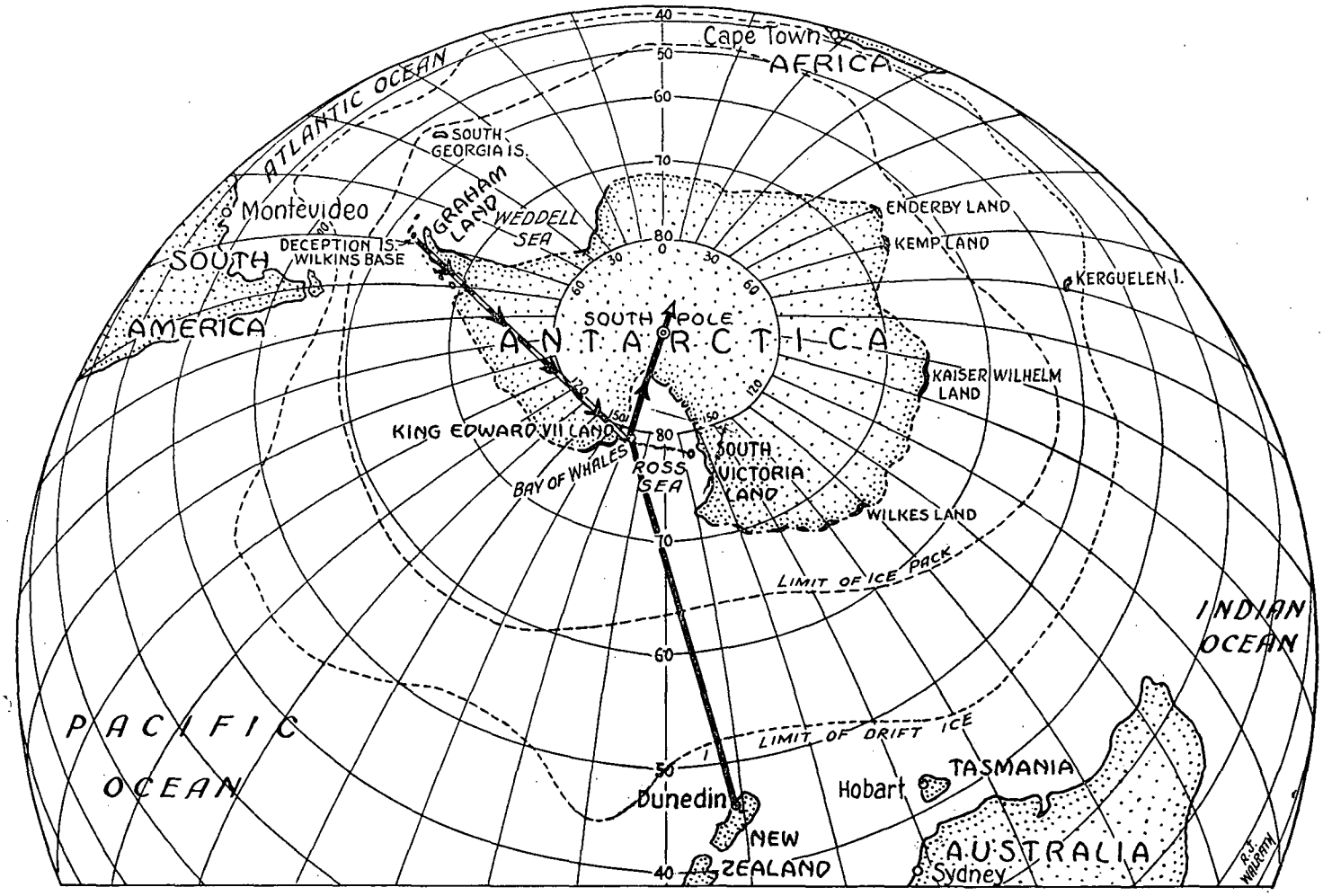

Map showing Wilkins's projected course (—— —— ——) and Byrd's (————).

spent years in the Arctic and the Antarctic, on land and on sea-ice, living and traveling with Stefansson and Shackelton under all conceivable conditions, flying, walking, traveling with dogs, summer and winter, sometimes "lost," in fair weather and foul. He was thoroughly trained in the technique of polar life and travel by Stefansson—probably the greatest expert in the world today on these subjects, not excluding his own teachers, the Eskimos themselves.

And Wilkins and his methods have been tested. In 1927 he and Eielson, without more equipment than they will take to the South, came down on the sea-ice a hundred miles north of Alaska and walked to safety in some eighteen days without trouble or fuss. The whole world on the other hand knows what happened to the Nobile expedition when it crashed only twenty-two miles from land.

If we regard the Wilkins-Byrd performance as a race, the betting must be about even. But barring accident it must be preponderantly in favor of Wilkins. Commander Byrd's million-dollar expedition is too ponderous, too cluttered up with materials and safety plans and specialized experts who are still absolute greenhorns under polar conditions, to give him a real chance for speed. Barring accidents it seems inevitable that Wilkins will sneak out under Byrd's nose and complete his program before the Americans get a real start. The fact that Wilkins is planning to end his flight on the Ross Barrier, in the immediate vicinity of Byrd's camp and perhaps in the camp itself, makes the prospect all the more dramatic.

Let us, on the other hand, admit the accident. If anything happens to Byrd while away from his camp, he can be aided by his own organization. He will have a splendid radio in his plane and a radio engineer to operate it. He will have several more planes that can go out and locate him, and if necessary dog teams and tractors to go and bring him back. Let him crash one plane and he will have three others in which to fly to the pole.

If Wilkins crashes somewhere on the Antarctic continent, there are only two things he can do. One of them is to sit by his radio and pound out S O S calls as Nobile did this year, and to wait for his other plane to get him, provided it is still intact. The other is to pack the needed belongings on his back or on a sled improvised from a plane-ski and to walk to the coast. Once there, being an expert hunter, he can probably get enough seals and birds for fuel and food to last him and Eielson indefinitely until some whaler picks them up. The chances are that he will do the latter. His record does not lead one to suppose that he would lure others into the task, extremely hazardous to inexperienced men, of going in to find him.

There is of course another possibility, with an ironical twist as far as a race is concerned. That is that Byrd would go to "rescue" Wilkins. On second thought I would call it a probability. Let us grant Wilkins all the knowledge and experience a man can have to make him self-sufficient, let us grant that his skill gives him absolute safety if only he comes down with a sound pair of legs. In the event of a crash, Byrd would still fly out to give him a lift, because that is what any decent human being would do.

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Most present-day work in the Antarctic must be regarded as so much laboratory work, as research in abstract science. It is perhaps because it is difficult for the public to understand, or difficult for a newspaper reporter to point out, the value of abstract knowledge to our modern life that the adventurous and sporting sides of exploration are played up so much. The value of scientific research is only proved in the light of future applications and those who are not prophets must take it on faith. We can point out a few of the many questions that remain unanswered regarding the Antarctic; our children and grandchildren may be able to point out the benefits derived from the fact that they are answered. The mere fact that here we have a continent as large as the United States and Mexico together, and almost totally unknown, is a challenge that must be met.

But some of the tasks of Byrd and Wilkins do have direct application to our own lives. Through such efforts as Nansen's in the Polar sea, Mawson's in the Antarctic, and Hobb's in Greenland the world is only lately beginning to realize that the weather near the poles has a tremendous influence on the weather in inhabited countries, and that no really accurate method of weather forecasting can be worked out until polar meteorology is fully observed. Wilkins's program then, of eventually establishing some twelve meteorological stations on the Antarctic continent, is of importance to every farmer and every navigator in the world, and especially to his countrymen, the Australians. For few if any countries are so under the influence of Antarctic weather as Australia.

There is one major geographical problem that Wilkins may be able to clear up by traveling close to the pole: Is Antarctica really a continent, or it is an archipelago of islands, perhaps a group of two large islands? The mountains in the American sector are distinctly related, in rock-structure, to the Andes; those in the Australian sector are entirely different, being similar to the Australian rocks. Are these two kinds of rocks joined together or are they separated by a sea channel, running perhaps from the Wedell Sea to the Ross Sea? Wilkins's flight may definitely dispose of the term Antarctic Continent as his flight this year definitely did away with Crocker Land and Bradley Land in the Arctic. It would take many flights in many regions to confirm the continent.

Byrd's scientific plans are somewhat more refined and less fundamental. His scientists will undoubtedly add greatly to our knowledge of the zoology and bacteriology of that almost lifeless region. They will endeavor to make as close a study of the geology as possible. It is not likely that they will miss as many glorious chances as Amundsen did, to bring back carefully selected and well-annotated rock specimens. They may find enormous coal deposits and valuable fossils as Shackelton did, proving that the ice age did not always hold sway down there. They will carry on experiments to determine if the ice is receding or gaining or standing still, if the ice age is gaining or losing in intensity. Byrd's experts will attempt to measure the thickness of the ice with an adaptation of the sonic depth-finder. They will study the aurora, perhaps attempt anew to explain it, and certainly to draw quantitative conclusions as to its effect on radio-static.

Whether or not that enormous land mass around the South Pole ever becomes really "useful" to us, whether or not it will ever become a source of wealth and therefore habitable, remains for the future to decide. But the future will base its decision on the work of the present, on the results gained by such men as Wilkins and Byrd.

Austria's Fascists

By G. E. R. GEDYE

[*Mr. Gedye's article was written a week before the demonstration in Wiener Neustadt on October 7 which, contrary to expectations, was entirely peaceful although accompanied by the arrest of some 200 Communists.*]

Vienna, October 1

THE long-anticipated crisis in the matter of the Socialist and Fascist armed bodies in Austria (to which reference has been made more than once in these columns) definitely confronts the country. It has not come in the anticipated form of a coup d'etat but in the typically Austrian form of an elaborately staged opening act of civil war, with date announced well in advance, with the aid of the state railways sought by and accorded to the contending parties (for whom special trains will be run to bring them into the necessary dangerous conjunction on October 7 at Wiener Neustadt), and with a strong body of militarized gendarmerie and probably also of troops in attendance to keep the ring if that prove possible. No theatrical production could have had a better press agent than the "Austrian Civil War" has automatically acquired, and the world's critics in the shape of war and special correspondents, together with photographers and film men, will, thanks to the world-famous Austrian Gemütlichkeit, be able to arrive on the scene well before the production, having traveled down in comfort and selected hotels at leisure. How different to last year's riots on July 15, when those not resident or accidentally in Vienna, found themselves cut off from all possibility of reaching the scene of action (thanks to the transport strike) until the "story" was at an end.

It is certainly well for Austria that if the crisis had to come, it should have had all this preliminary discussion and advertisement, for with the eyes of the world upon them, both sides will be trying to secure the best possible press. But one cannot refrain from asking whether it need really have got as far as this at all. If the situation had to be summed up from the point of view of allotting blame, one might say that the Socialists began it, but that they have been long outstripped by the Fascists in dangerous folly. The Socialist force, the Republikanische Schutzbund, grew directly out of the Revolution. The Volkswehr, the army that took over the name and a fraction of the duties of the Austrian Imperial Army, was definitely "captured for socialism" at the time of chaos which followed the dissolution of Imperial Austria. Political propaganda on a large scale went on regularly in the army, which was eventually organized in two camps, bourgeois and socialist, both being offi-

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cially recognized. In view of the success of the bourgeois parties in securing a footing in the army, and of the Allied limitation of its strength, the Republikanische Schutzbund, a non-official body of trained and disciplined men, was started by the Socialist Party. They were supposed to be unarmed, and never paraded with arms, but in point of fact both they and the Frontkämpfer Monarchist and Nationalist irregulars are known to have secured considerable stocks of small arms—unlimited pistols and revolvers, very large stocks of rifles, and a certain quantity of machine-guns.

Side by side with their unacknowledged function of providing a Socialist Praetorian Guard, the Schutzbund began to perform very useful duties. At all big political demonstrations, particularly on the occasion of protest marches through the streets of Vienna, the members of the Schutzbund were on duty in their capacity of *Ordner*—a kind of unofficial trades-union police. Their uniforms gave them authority, they had learned discipline, they could obey as well as issue an order, and they were accorded a ready obedience and cheerful cooperation by the non-uniformed workers whom they accompanied. In view of the peril of plundering in the days of starvation in Vienna, it is difficult to say that the Schutzbund has been nothing but a danger to the state. But from the start their existence as a military formation—even apart from the possession of arms—was in flat contradiction of the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of St. Germain. In consequence of the Austrian failure to disband both the Schutzbund and their enemies, the Hakenkreuzler, the Frontkämpfer, and other Nationalist armed irregulars (as well as on account of the obstinate resistance of the Austrian munition factories to the demands for the destruction of munition-making machinery), Allied Control, under the slightly more euphonious title (in Austrian ears) of "Organ of Liquidation," remained in Vienna until last summer. Inertia triumphed over military and financial superiority, however, and the control officers finally shrugged their shoulders and left their task of securing the disarmament and disbandment of the Austrian irregulars all unfulfilled.

The Heimwehr, originally called Heimatwehr, were a slightly later formation. They did not spring directly from the ruins of the old army, but were recruited during the inflation years, when every province was prepared if necessary to desert Vienna, the center of socialism and starvation, and go elsewhere. The province of Vorarlberg negotiated for union with Switzerland, Tyrol for union with Germany, and the Allies actually stepped in and prevented Salzburg from proving by plebiscite her overwhelming enthusiasm for the Anschluss. The figures of the partial results, together with record of the Allied interference are graven in the old gateway just opposite the main bridge over the Salzach in Salzburg City today. The Heimwehr were the armed forces recruited by each province to enable it if necessary to assert its independence from "Red Vienna." As the separatist movement died away while the Austrian Republic began to assume definite form, the Heimwehr lost its original significance.

Unfortunately, instead of dying out, the local irregulars, particularly in the Tyrol, began to be reinforced by some of the very worst elements from Germany, the members of the Orgesch, the "Organization C," and other anti-republican, terrorist bodies, composed of the most desperate and most extreme ex-officers and ex-soldiers of the Hohenzollern armies. The Socialists in Vienna have recently published some surprising details of the connection between some of these people who found refuge in the Tyrol when obliged to flee Germany, either because of their suspected connection with such crimes as the murder of Walter Rathenau or because of their complicity in the Kapp Putsch. Worst of all, the famous German terrorist, Hauptmann Pabst, became a leading figure (behind the scenes) of the Tyrolese Heimwehr.

The whole movement became, except in Tyrol, quite negligible until after the Vienna riots of last summer. Then the Heimwehr saw their chance. Though the Vienna Socialists, doctrinaire Marxists as most of their leaders are, and much as trade and industry complains of the burden of their purely Socialist system of taxation, are the sworn foes of anything approaching "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," and are besides convinced adherents of democratic parliamentarism, the Austrian peasant or small provincial was easily persuaded of the reverse. The dislike which he had felt first for Hapsburg Vienna (which he called the city of idle lackeys) and then for starving Vienna (which he feared would confiscate his country produce), was easily transferred to Red Vienna, which he was assured was about to communize the whole country. But instead of trying to fight socialism with the proper parliamentary weapons, he allowed himself to be enrolled in the Heimwehr of Hauptmann Pabst, who then secretly became the chief organizer.

The Heimwehr, there is little doubt, is possessed not only of abundant revolvers, rifles, and machine guns, in part stolen from Austrian arsenals, in part sent into the country by Hitler and his friends in Bavaria, but has also a limited number of field-guns hidden in the Tyrolese Alps. This the Allied Control Officers always suspected, though they were unable to lay their hands on any. In many an isolated mountain village for the last six months a stray visitor could hear the crackle of musketry over the week-end, and on inquiry would be frankly told by the peasantry that it was practice for "the reckoning with Vienna." For the decision to take 18,000 men to Wiener Neustadt, an almost entirely Socialist industrial town, there is as much justification as there would be for the "British Fascisti" to march 18,000 men in military formation around the most Socialist suburb of London. The Socialists, fearing that the next move would be to make the long-promised coup, decided to send a force of some 50,000 Republikanische Schutzbund to Wiener Neustadt on the same day.

The Austrian Government declares that the prohibition of either demonstration would be an infringement of the "right of free assembly." The Socialist proposal of a law to prohibit all demonstrations by either body for a year does not go nearly far enough, though it would certainly avert the immediate danger of October 7. Everyone declares that his "prestige" is engaged, and that no compromise can be effected. Certainly the leaders of both Heimwehr and Schutzbund, whatever their secret hopes and fears for the future, now hope that a clash will be avoided on October 7—but the Heimwehr refuse to hear of the general prohibition which the Socialists demand. The blame at the moment thus rests with the Fascist Party. All, incredible as it sounds, that the Austrian Government will do is to see that a sufficiently large force of police, gendarmerie, and a reserve of military is available. No attack will be planned by either force, but tempers could not run much higher than they do, and both the Communists and the German Nationalist desperados will be on the qui vive, eager for a chance to provoke the conflict.

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What the Farmer Is Up Against

By ROBERT STEWART

THE agricultural question is the most vital problem confronting the country at the present time. Its solution calls for real statesmanship on the part of the government and for real business ability on the part of the farming industry itself. It is not merely a question of adoption of a farm-relief bill which will placate the disgruntled voters of an important section of the country and thus relieve immediate political pressure from that source. Neither is the agricultural situation of today merely a development of the war period. It was rapidly approaching a crisis long before the war. War and post-war conditions simply accentuated the situation and served to call attention to it in a more dramatic way.

In the swing from prosperity to depression in 1920-1921 the per capita income of the non-farm population decreased only 3 per cent, while the per capita income of the farming population decreased 50 per cent; the non-farming population long since recovered from this blow, while the farmer population still is suffering from it. The agricultural worker in America, however, has long been on unequal terms with the worker in other lines of human endeavor. The farming industry in 1850 received only 34.6 per cent of the national income, although 44 per cent of those in gainful occupations were employed in agriculture. It required the labor of three workers in agriculture in 1850 to obtain the same compensation as two workers obtained in other occupations. By 1920 it required the labor of *five* workers in agriculture to obtain the same portion of the national income as was received by *two* workers in other occupations.

The farm problem in the Middle West and Far West at least is inextricably associated with the question of land values and land speculation. In many rural sections more money has been made through buying land and holding it for an advance in value than through actual farming operations. In the past one needed only to buy land on a margin, and hold it long enough, to double one's money. As a result, land speculation rather than farming has been dominant in the minds of some farmers and many bankers in the Middle West during the past few years. This condition was intensified by good prices for farm products during the war period. Some farmers and many speculators and bankers got caught at high tide, and when farm prices fell they were left with high-priced land on their hands which they could not unload. Moreover, the land policies of the government in the past have promoted speculation in farm lands. These policies have resulted also in much marginal land having been brought under cultivation. Such land should never have been broken by the plow but should have remained in sod or forest. It produces meager crops at high cost of production without profit to the operator. Nothing on earth can be done for the farmer, either by the government or himself, who produces only eight or nine bushels of wheat per acre. The farmer on marginal land ekes out an existence and hangs on in the hope that the prevailing speculation in farm lands will enable him to pass the land on to the other fellow at a profit. The elimination of marginal land from cultivation is one phase of the general agricultural problem which must be solved. Such land is well adapted to forest and pastures and must eventually revert to that state. Can the government assist in this step by a modification of its land policies?

While the farmer's share of the national income is low, his share of the tax burden is unusually high. In 1913, according to a report of the Department of Agriculture, taxes on farm property were about one-tenth of all farm receipts, less other expenses, while in 1921 they were about one-third of farm receipts. For example, a study of a given group of farms in the heart of the corn belt in 1913 showed that the farm income, including the owner's labor, profit, and interest on capital, amounted to $1,147 per farm. Taxes took $112 of this, or 9.8 per cent. On this same group of farms in 1921 the farm income was $771. Of this sum taxes took $253, or 33 per cent. The farmer's income decreased, but his taxes increased. In 1914 farmers paid $344,000,000 in general property taxes in the United States, which was roughly equal to two-fifths of the entire wheat crop that year. A decade later, they paid $797,000,000 in general property taxes, equal to the entire wheat crop. Eighty to 90 per cent of the farmer's taxes are local, and the largest items are for support of good roads and better schools. It is essential that we have good roads and better schools, but the burden for their support should be more equally distributed and the farmer should not be bankrupted in supporting them. During the year ending March 15, 1926, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, sixty farms out of every one thousand changed hands. Twenty out of the sixty changed ownership because of foreclosures, bankruptcies, or forced sale for taxes. The solution of the problem of local and State taxation calls for real leadership.

Most agricultural products are bulky and must be shipped long distances to the point of consumption at high cost for transportation. The farmer pays the freight. One of the most important needs in regard to transportation of farm products is the adjustment of freight rates as between the long haul and short haul, in order that the distant producer and the nearby farmer may both have substantial justice. Industrial leaders may assist materially in the solution of this part of the general farm problem by helping in the decentralization of manufacturing plants. Is it not possible in a greater measure than is now done to move the industrial plants out into the agricultural sections where food is produced and thus assist in the elimination of excessive freight rates?

The farmer is frequently condemned for not making as great a use of power machinery in his farming operations as manufacturing industry has in its line. The American farmer, however, has made greater strides in this direction during the past fifty years than has been made in all the previous history of the world. He is rapidly substituting power machinery on the farm for human labor. The use of the combined harvester, pulled by tractors, which cuts and threshes the wheat in one operation has increased markedly in certain sections of the wheat belt during the past few years. This method of harvesting and threshing

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wheat has reduced the labor cost required to produce an acre of wheat from seven hours to about four hours. This development will undoubtedly materially influence wheat production in many of the older sections of the country. There has also been a far-reaching change in the rapid substitution of tractors for horses on the farm. During the five-year period 1920-1925 the number of tractors on the American farm more than doubled, owing to the development of small tractors and the continued high cost of labor.

There are many farms in America, however, that are entirely too small to permit of the efficient use of tractors or power machinery. The initial cost of such machinery is too high and the cost of operation would be excessive because it would be idle so much of the time. This creates a problem for the small farmer. What shall he do? Is he doomed to extinction as was the small manufacturer of two hundred years ago?

Farming in the United States has slowly been undergoing an evolution from "a mode of living" into a business. In early colonial days the farmer produced not only his food but also his fuel, material for shelter, and wool which was spun into home-made clothing. He bought little and sold less. Taxes were nominal and interest charges were unknown. Money was needed only for the purchase of powder for his rifle and salt for his table. The farmer was self-sufficing and economic returns bothered him not at all.

Today the farmer must pay heavy taxes and high interest charges. He sells most of what he produces and buys much of what he consumes—all of his clothing, machinery, fuel, and material for shelter. Cost of production is an important consideration for him. Yet most farmers in America do not know what their production costs are. And the cost of producing a given farm commodity varies very widely on the various farms of the land. In 1919 the Department of Agriculture made a study of the cost of producing wheat in the wheat belt of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota. The average cost of producing winter wheat was $1.87 per bushel, but the cost of production varied from $1 per bushel to $8.20 per bushel. The average cost of producing spring wheat was $2.65 per bushel, but the cost of production on the several farms varied from $1.10 per bushel to $14.40.

The method of distributing farm products often works to the disadvantage of the farmer. Agencies for the distribution of food products are well organized, fully financed, and efficiently managed. The *individual* farmer, owing to the small scale of his operation, lacks adequate financial backing and proper market information and is, therefore, often unable to bargain successfully with these agencies for the sale of his product. The farmer, therefore, has a distorted view of the middle man whom he regards as a gigantic monster riding rough shod alike on the shoulders of the producer and consumer.

The only solution of the difficulty of distributing farm products is through organized effort. An organized group of farmers can secure capital, information, and efficient management which will permit the group to deal successfully with marketing agencies for the sale of farm commodities. The successful cooperative marketing association will use all of the present marketing agencies but in a more efficient way. Such organizations must organize locally on the basis of commodities, but to be effective must be federated into State and national groups. Such organized groups will be in a position to secure efficient management and finances not only for their own needs but also for their individual members. Such organizations cannot be run on the principle of a town meeting by the individual farmers. Responsible management must be in charge. The farmer must never forget that his problem is primarily one of individual production.

A Visit to Tom Mooney

By NORMAN THOMAS

AT the end of a lovely ride around San Francisco Bay were the gray walls of San Quentin prison. The gates opened to us, for we had a letter from the warden permitting us to visit Tom Mooney. In the office of the captain of the guard we got permission to add Mat Schmidt's name to Tom's at the suggestion of a friend whom we had seen the night before.

We waited in the visitors' reception room until our names were called. The room was almost filled with relatives and friends of prisoners—mostly women—waiting their turn. The door to an inner room stood open and gave us unsought glimpses of the greetings of mothers, wives, and sisters with their men. What tales of suffering, sordid and tragic, that room could have told! What dramas lay behind the kisses, poignant and conventional, that we saw!

Before long our names were called and we went in to find seats at a long table at the other side of which, across a low partition, the prisoners sit. Schmidt was the first to come in—a fine figure of a man, clear-eyed and hearty. The long, dreary years have set well on him since the famous McNamara affair in which he was implicated. There is not much he doesn't know about machinery. He has congenial work, some freedom of the grounds, and a great deal of salty philosophy to sustain him.

"Well," his greeting ran, "you had to leave the church to find freedom and I had to come to jail to find solidarity." Jails, he thinks, can't be much improved without making them better than the outside prison of the working world. The road to freedom is not to be afraid of jail. "I have more freedom to talk than you. What could they do to me? Throw me in jail?"

In the present labor movement and its leadership, with few exceptions, he sees little hope. Yes, he knows what is going on, for he can get books and magazines in jail, though it is a little harder now that some Baptist preacher-convict has set himself up as censor of "bolshevist literature"! Schmidt is full of plans for the new jute-mill machinery he is designing and of laughter at the poor taxpayers who must pay for it and for keeping able-bodied men shut up. Lincoln Steffens is working on his case and there is some sentiment for a pardon. One McNamara is free and the other is the oldest prisoner in the jail.

Then Mooney joined us. The other prisoners wore a not unbecoming gray uniform—indeed in San Quentin, as in other jails, one felt that the prisoners averaged up in looks rather better than the guards—but Mooney had on a white duck suit. His color was good and his step brisk, though he was in the third day of one of the periodic fasts

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by which he hopes to keep the upper hand of some sort of infection by which death almost opened the doors of his prison ahead of the laggard steps of justice. He lives to get justice. Men tell you that Tom Mooney is bitter, untactful, unreasonable. They say he ought to take a parole, which, by the way, there is no certainty that he could get, and for which he, as an innocent man who does not want freedom with a string on it, will not apply. I tell you that Mooney's courage and hope are things to marvel at. It speaks ill for men in labor and liberal ranks that they should have any time for criticism of this American Dreyfus from whom eleven years of life have now been taken by a society which for at least nine or ten years has known that he was innocent beyond a shadow of doubt. All their time for criticism should be spent on this ghastly act of injustice.

Around the naked crime of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti Governor Fuller and his supporters can clutch the poor rags of belief, real or pretended, in the guilt of the two Italians. The Centralia victims did shoot, though in self-defense. But in the guilt of Mooney and Billings for the bomb outrage on San Francisco's Preparedness Day no intelligent man believes. Their colleagues were all acquitted, the perjured evidence against them has long since been confessed. The jury and the prosecuting attorney have joined in petitioning for their pardon. Judge Franklin A. Griffin, who sentenced them, is one of the most earnest workers for their vindication.

Just now Mooney has new hope. The quasi-progressive Governor Young, political protege of Hiram Johnson, has seen a committee, listened to Frank Walsh's oral argument, and has before him a complete brief, including strong letters from Clarence Darrow and the judge, copies of which Tom read us. Organized labor, too, is rousing itself again after an apathy which, even if less sinister than Mooney thinks, is at best a sorry reflection not only on the political weakness of some of its self-important leaders but on their lack of passion for justice, especially when the victim of injustice might be a bit of a nuisance to them if he were free.

As for me I am somewhat pessimistic. Hiram Johnson's complete silence all these years is ominous. Governor Young has already had plenty of time to act. Even though innocent of this crime Mooney and Billings are agitators whom the California business interests like to see in jail. It's easier to keep them than to catch them again. To rout this abominable attitude requires the pressure of an informed and convinced public opinion. Mooney can stand prison better than we can stand having him there. A country which after the Sacco and Vanzetti case keeps Mooney and Billings in jail is a country without elemental knowledge of what justice means.

There is another timely aspect of this question. The same waters that wash the gray foundations of San Quentin wash the shores of Palo Alto where Herbert Hoover has his lovely home. The President of the United States cannot pardon Mooney. But if a candidate for that office is a Californian, almost neighbor to the prison and fully acquainted by Mooney himself with the facts, then no political expediency or legalistic evasion can justify his silence. We have a right to know how a President would react to this human problem and to take his measure if he is as silent and as acquiescent in this monstrous crime against American freedom as he was in the oil scandals.

In the Driftway

THE Germans, admittedly, are good linguists. It isn't just an accident; they have to be. We Americans are probably the worst linguists in the world. That isn't an accident either; it is because we can get away with it. Living in an isolated, largely self-sustaining land, with prodigious natural resources and a fabulous industrial prosperity built upon immigrant labor, Americans generally go abroad in a privileged capacity. They are travelers seeking pleasure, or business men with fat checkbooks. As a New York engineer in South America once put it when the Drifter asked him how well he spoke Spanish: "I don't speak it. I make the greasers under me learn English."

* * * * *

THE best linguists are found in small countries like Holland and Switzerland, where the inhabitants have to be all things to all nations. But among the larger countries the Germans stand high as linguists. Germany is a new country which has had to make its way in the world by building up foreign trade competitively. It has had to learn language. But the Teuton's devotion to theory sometimes leads him into egregious blunders and over-confidence in using foreign language. The Drifter has some translations sent to this country for editorial use by one who apparently had no qualifications for the work other than possession of a German-English dictionary. In a sketch characteristically entitled "The Both Rivals," the translator revels in perfect German syntax as follows:

> Between Burghausen and Neustadt was standing a silent enmity since decades, which, of course, got abroad hardly. But if it made perceptible itself once, so it grew directly to flaming "rebellion." Indeed I don't know so right, what was the matter of this enmity. Burghausen was a small residence, therefore an officialstown. In consequence of this, it disposed of nearly all schools, the German Empire was rejoicing of these. So it was evident that it got a bataillon of infantry for garrison. Moreover princely grace had furnished it with concert and theatre, wherein the court-band performed an excellent music the most. Hence it was explicable that pensioners, persons of private means, functionaries and the widows of them liked to strife after the small residence for years, while the strangers it searched on account of its excellent situation for days and weeks.

* * * * *

HAVING looked on that picture, now look for a moment on this:

> In comparison with it the smaller Neustadt with its only fourthousand souls was furnished almost step-motherly. It was situated in a fruitful dale no doubt, but it was without any wood. A railway-line was connecting it with the larger towns indeed; alone the narrow stream, which was leading through the small town had no water enough, that it might be made navigable. On the other hand there were grown in this drink-needy town and neighborhood two breweries, and near the station by and by had settled one sugar-factory, one malt-kiln, and one sausage-factory.

* * * * *

BUT confidence, even over-confidence, is as necessary to become a linguist as to become a swimmer, and the writer of the above may yet attain a perfection in the English language as great as that of—ahem, say Herbert Hoover.

THE DRIFTER

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Our Readers and the Campaign

Vox Populi

FROM the avalanche of letters which have poured in upon us in the closing weeks of the campaign we select the following excerpts with apologies to the writers for the necessary abbreviation:

It seems to me that the liberal progressive vote should be cast to give the Catholic, Tammany, Democrat a chance to breathe some of his fire into our money-grubbing, pastor-ridden, hen-pecked citizenry.

Far Rockaway, New York ALBERT KESHIN

Have not "liberals" voted long and often enough for illiberal tickets? Why not face the issue squarely and vote for Thomas?

New York NEWMAN W. HESS

At least *The Nation* has a sense of humor. When a magazine prints a fabrication of false statements, throwing muck at a man like Herbert Hoover, and written by one such as Heywood Broun, I am sure it must have been an attempt (on the part of the magazine) to be humorous. By what achievement in life does this cynical, unethical dispenser of literary garbage assume the right to attack the personality of Herbert Hoover?

New Haven, Conn. RUSSELL L. RICE

I am a member of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America. Four years ago I could hear the workers discussing the then coming Presidential election. With them it was a case of elect Coolidge or else there would be no jobs. Alas and alack, the mighty "Cal" is still at the helm and there are no jobs. Thirty-four thousand union carpenters in New York and scarcely work for one-third of them!

Brooklyn TIMOTHY O'BRIEN

The following are taken from the thousands of comments which came in on post cards for *The Nation* poll:

For Hoover

Why a Progressive should vote for Smith I can't see!!!

With booze as bait the Pope is fishing to catch the American government.

Can't vote for any Fundamentalist. Would like to vote for Thomas if he had a chance.

I vote for Hoover to save the country from Smith.

For Smith

Not that I indorse all his views but that I desire to put tolerance in religion to the test.

Because he is liberal enough by a small margin to make a protest vote unnecessary.

I am voting Democratic because of Mabel. I despise her!

Choice of evils.

A liberal Republican and I are pairing on Hoover and Smith by promising both of us to vote for Thomas. Thus the Republican-Democratic situation in the State is left unchanged for originally he had intended to vote for Hoover and I for Smith, but as an important by-product the Socialists get two more votes.

Because I hate Hoover so much.

I prefer Thomas but, as he has not a ghost of a chance, I will do the next best thing.

For Thomas

No choice between the Republicans and Democrats. They are both bad—Tammany Hall and the Ohio gang. Smith is intolerable as a life-long professional politician of Tammany Hall.

If I can vote twice the second one will be for Will Rogers.

My conscience says Thomas, my mortgage says Hoover, my gay moments say Al.

How else can a *Nation* reader vote?

My reason for sending you my card inclosed in an envelope is that I don't want my neighbors to know who I am voting for. Call it cowardice if you will, I can't make up my mind to sacrifice the good-will of the people who have always been kind to me. [From a country subscriber in New York.]

The Sorry Liberals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* for October 3 you describe Borah as the "sorriest figure in this campaign" and say that "he can no longer be carried on the roster of independents and progressives." While I certainly agree with your estimate of Borah, I must say that he does not present nearly such a "sorry figure" as the so-called liberal or progressive who formerly supported Debs or La Follette but who now has deserted Norman Thomas for Smith, nor is there any more reason to strike Borah from the roster of progressives than there is to strike off the supporters of Smith.

Those who support the candidates of either of the two old parties support the platforms of those parties and thus the exploitation of the workers and the rule of this country by Big Business. Those who vote for Smith must also vote for Robinson, who has consistently furthered race antagonism in the South and been an ardent suppressor of the rights guaranteed to the Negroes by the Constitution. Those who vote for Smith vote against the labor movement and for the labor policy of the Raskobs, du Ponts, Owens, and the other anti-union employers who are financing Smith's campaign. They also vote for the water-power policy now supported by the General Electric Company and against the Canadian plan which distributes electricity without private profit at two instead of six cents a kilowatt hour. They sanction the silence of Smith on Tammany corruption and tactics in exactly the same way that Republicans, like Borah, sanction Hoover's silence regarding Teapot Dome. They vote against a man like Thomas, who has fought valiantly for civil liberties, who went the limit for the unconditional freedom of Sacco and Vanzetti, and who is now fighting for the freedom of Mooney and Billings and the other class-war prisoners. Finally, they vote as did the Liberal Party of Great Britain when it was still a factor, to prevent the growth of a third party with a really constructive program for the abolition of exploitation, poverty, unemployment, and war.

North Brookfield, Mass., October 6 POWERS HAPGOOD

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Dry and Liberal

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Why is it that whenever you refer to the followers of Herbert Hoover, you classify them as bigoted, intolerant, prejudiced, and snobbish? You say that the attempt to alter the Volstead Law will arouse to "a still higher pitch those who are for prohibition with all its faults. With them the campaign now becomes a holy war. Gradually, we regret to say, the flames of intolerance and bigotry rise higher." Cannot a person be a non-fanatical, unbigoted, even tolerant Dry? You have hit the nail on the head when you say that a number are going to "vote for Hoover . . . simply and solely in order, as they think, to save prohibition." I grant that there are fanatics who go out for prohibition. But I claim that there are a good many people who have honestly read both sides of the question, talked both sides of the question, and put some thought into the matter, who believe that on the whole the country is better off under prohibition than it was before, and who cannot see how modification of the Volstead Act is going to be any better enforced than is the act as it stands today. How else can these people vote than for the dry candidate? There are other issues, to be sure, but this issue has been made one of present importance, and not by the bigoted, intolerant, prejudiced either. Fair play, Mr. Editor, please! We are liberal and we are dry.

Ethel W. Howland

Middletown, Connecticut, October 6

Virginia Doubtful

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In connection with your political straw vote I am sending you some data that may be of interest. Last week we had such a vote here among the students of Virginia Polytechnic Institute, 945 voting, and the majority for Smith was 127. Normally the majority would be about 800 for the Democratic candidate. Then again we had a vote in the University Club, composed of faculty members. There Hoover got sixteen votes and Smith five.

The average Virginian, if he votes for Smith, will do so because he is the party nominee not because he cares to see him President. And the reason why Smith is hard for Southerners to swallow is on account of his Catholic affiliations. The people down here, the Protestants, like individual Catholics but they fear the coterie that controls the Catholic church.

Blacksburg, Virginia, October 7 Ralph M. Brown

The Klan from Within

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I attended a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan recently in a rural community of central New York. As I entered the room I noticed a red cross fitted with red electric lights which stood out against the dull green roller-shade of a window. The second story of the Grange Hall was full of farmer-folk sitting on ill-matched chairs and on rough benches along the sides of the room; the young people looked about them with some animation while older eyes gazed fixedly in one direction.

From in front of the red cross came a voice that seemed cramped in that small room. The band stopped its slow doleful interpretation of patriotic airs. The speaker said:

> Look in the World's Almanac (about page 600)—called the World's not because it tells about the whole world but because it's published by a Catholic newspaper, the New York *World*—and you'll find a list of foreign countries. Go down the alphabet to the R's, and find Rome, Church of. Read what it says: Principality with sixteen million, or sixteen thousand, square miles, over three million people, chief potentate the Pope. It adds, and this is what I want you to get, *"and with subjects in every land."* "Subjects in every land!" When a subject of a foreign country wants to be one of us we make him denounce the potentate and laws of that country and take up ours. But do we ask this of a Catholic, a subject of the Church of Rome? No! But a Catholic is loyal first to Rome and then to whatever country he happens to live in. When Alfred E. Smith swore to defend the Constitution of New York State his first allegiance was to the Church of Rome. Do we want as President of the United States a man who goes to welcome the ambassador of a foreign potentate, a prelate from Rome, and who will crawl on his hands and knees up the steps of the City Hall to kiss his ring?
>
> In my opinion, of course, I don't know how you people feel about it, that was an insult to each one of us. He was saying, "Here is New York State; take it, it's yours."
>
> Now I want you to consider some of our sacred American institutions, institutions that our forefathers suffered to found and which they have handed down to us as a legacy. There's the separation of church and state, a thing that Rome has always fought. When Mr. Tumulty, a Catholic, was Woodrow Wilson's private secretary, the Pope sent over two commissions to intercede for recognition of Rome by the United States. Wilson refused both times. But if Smith had been President he would have gone to Congress to beg for that recognition. He wouldn't have dared not to.
>
> There's another sacred American institution, the public schools. Do you know what happened down in New York last year? The public schools couldn't take care of all the children, and the Board of Education wouldn't build any more. So the officials looked around and found lots of empty seats in the parochial schools. Maybe this just happened, and maybe it was all a cunningly devised plan. A hundred mothers sat on the steps of one school all night to see that their children should not go to parochial schools. And yet New York City, with Governor Smith's approval, paid four million dollars to the parochial schools for educating its children!
>
> These institutions are peculiarly American. They are sacred to us. We must fight if need be to keep them safe. I seem to see the huddled figure of a soldier at Valley Forge, clothed in a threadbare blanket and hugging a musket to his breast. He is thinking of a home over yonder where a wife croons a lullaby. Next morning his stark body is buried, and that mother tells her children of Daddy who never came back. He gave his life to preserve these sacred institutions, and when I think how little we are giving. . . .

Baldwinsville, New York, September 28 B. R. B.

Tammany and Womanhood

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of *The Nation* dealing with the subject of "Whispering Campaigns," there is an article by the "Unofficial Spokesman" in which he refers to the pamphlet "Tammany Hall and Womanhood" as "violent" and emanating "from Hoover's home State," presumably Republican.

May I call your attention to the fact that the writer of the pamphlet is a Democrat and liberal in theology as in politics; that this liberalism and her influence for sane thought and truthful statements prevented the exclusion of *The Nation* from the Public Library here, when its "violence" was resented by many patrons? Also that for months she made a careful study of Tammany Hall and in writing her pamphlet discarded all but evidence from court investigations and legislative records? If the pamphlet is "violent" it is the facts published widely in the New York press and other standard papers which make it so.

Long Beach, Cal., September 23 Etta L. Upton

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Books and Plays

Runaway

By MARK VAN DOREN

I saw a white-haired child
Go through the sunny grass;
I heard the under-noises
Stop to let him pass;
Deciding then that never
A thing so silent was

As this white head in the wheat
Upon this windless day,
Moving as if all childhood
Marched with it away—
Leaving us our wisdom
And nothing at all to say.

This Week

Sex in the South Seas

SOMEWHERE in each of us, hidden among our more obscure desires and our impulses of escape, is a palm-fringed South Sea island that looks very like the picture on the butcher's calendar—sea, sand, sun, a languorous atmosphere promising freedom and irresponsibility. It is to that island that we retire when we grow bored and confused by jobs or political campaigns or city life or—more particularly—with husbands, wives, or children. Thither we run to escape conflicting standards, the difficulties of an age without faith; to find love which is free, easy, and satisfying.

When you read "Coming of Age in Samoa"*—as you should do—you will probably be astonished to discover how like a South Sea island that South Sea island can be. Sea, sand, sun—all are there, and simplicity and absence of conflict. It is a world in which life is gay and children are not very troublesome and love is kind and uncomplicated; where food and clothes are few and easy to get. Sex experience is frequent before marriage, almost to the point of promiscuity. Jealousy is rare. Violent and possessive emotion is held to be in poor taste, but frigidity does not exist. The routine of life is simple, quiet, and unhurried.

Margaret Mead, the author of this book, spent eight months in the island of Taū in the Manu'a Archipelago of Samoa studying the psychology of the adolescent girl. She lived for much of the time as an adopted daughter in a Samoan household and became intimately acquainted with the behavior and feelings of a group of girls in a social structure fundamentally different from our own. She wished to discover whether the Samoan adolescent was subject to the mental disturbances which are considered in Western civilizations the inevitable concomitant of the physical changes of puberty. She found that the young girls in that particular island group live through no period of stress. They experience love from the time they are physically and mentally ready for it. They swallow, without pain or ecstasy, a pleasantly diluted dose of the Christian religion. They assume adult family responsibilities as a matter of course. The Western conception of the family unit composed of father, mother, and children does not exist. Instead, children are brought up in rather casual, shifting congeries of relatives living together. No single passionate parent-child relationship has an opportunity to spring up. Every adult in the household is more or less *in loco parentis* to every child. The older children are shouldered with the actual care of the younger ones.

Thus the Samoan girl leads a busy, unconscious existence in which impulse and duty appear to play pleasantly correlative roles. Her life as well as her environment apparently fits the fantasy that has become a symbol of relaxation and release to the harried child of the machine-made West. Would we then exchange our unsatisfied desires and complicated choices for her more even progress in the world? Probably not. On closer inspection several flaws appear in that picture of warm, idyllic simplicity. The discrepancies between fantasy and fact lie at the very heart of Samoan sex freedom. In the first place personality and individual differences, the objects of such tender consideration in most Western lands, are ignored—both publicly and privately. Skill is admired; but precocity is frowned upon. In the family children have no opportunity either to become spoiled or to feel neglected and misunderstood; they are simply members of a group with certain functions to perform. Only in the dance do virtuosity and individual peculiarities win applause. Human relationships are formalized and depend little on the appeal of one personality for another. Boys and girls are so severely separated before puberty that a keen antagonism—not personal but sexual—develops and continues until it melts in the warmth of adolescent desire—again not personal but sexual. Love is expressed in the formulae of romantic attachment; but a deeply personal feeling between a man and a woman has little chance to flower. The whole basis for emotional intensity is lacking. Fidelity is treated with humor; jealousy with contempt. Even close friendships based on personal preference are absent.

A Samoan philosopher might maintain that a balanced emotional life either in adolescence or after can be achieved only through freedom from the strain that arises when individuals stress the importance of their personal feelings and preferences and abilities. Emotions can be freely expressed only when they are not intense; with intensity come conflict and jealousy and a frequent inability to express anything at all. George A. Dorsey, biologist and author of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings," is quoted on the jacket of Miss Mead's book as wondering "if we shall ever be as sensible about sex as the Samoans are." Miss Mead herself is less sweeping. She believes that children in Western countries should be loosed from the entanglements of too intense parental love. But she expresses a reasonable and civilized doubt of the Samoan attitude toward personality and toward adult emotions. If love can be freed from conflict and life made simple only at the price of our cherished personal relationships, who of us is ready to pay it? Let Mr. Dorsey set out for Samoa if he will. Most of us probably will read Miss Mead's impressive study and then continue as before to cling to our difficulties and our delights, with occasional impulses of escape to the expensive simplicity of the South Seas.

FREDA KIRCHWEY

* William Morrow and Company. $3.

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H. G. Wells Outlines the Future

The Open Conspiracy: Blue Prints for a World Revolution. By H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

IF this review were to appear in a newspaper that might reach a hundred million people, I should cheer Wells's book, full cry and without reservation. It shakes up established complacency, challenges the unsatisfactory present, and has vision of a better world; and that is what the hundred million need and probably will not get. As this review is for a periodical whose readers are already accustomed to revolutionary ideas and do not need to be waked up, I shall lean a little the other way. This is a short talk between friends who wish to breathe together (for that is what conspiracy means), and who are open to any plot to get the will and intelligence of us all directed and organized.

Wells has an alert mind and he cannot write a page without striking fire, hitting off some provocative suggestion. His nervous sharp English is a delight to any person who likes the game of words. But what have we? The first business of expository writing is to be precise. This small book contains no blue prints. Blue prints give exact dimensions; by them you know the length of a steel girder, the precise direction of a tunnel boring under the Hudson, or the size of a closet door. Wells, who is all for science, efficiency, accuracy, gets his terms wrong at the start.

Then he calls his book a religion. Perhaps it is religious in the sense of devotion to an idea. Nevertheless it is an unfortunate word to use, for it has a connotation of ceremony and theology. And there are no gods in Wells's world commonweal, except the most abstract kind of Absolute or First Cause which could arouse enthusiasm only in the breasts of a few philosophers. Wells's new republic which is to include all mankind is wholly mundane; it depends on the study of biology, economics, and education. Nothing is said about art and poetry, but it may be taken for granted that in a world economically healthy the fine arts would flourish as never before and there would be a release of imaginative forces.

Wells is impatient with the world as it is, and so are many of us. He finds that to work toward any kind of tolerable and reasonable civilization, much must be destroyed. His constructive ideas are necessarily vague, for he is looking toward a complete regeneration of society. His vigor, his concrete thought, really lie in his contemptuously humorous assaults on the world we live in. Of the American financier, who to Wells is not a criminal oppressing the poor or a spider coaxing flies into his office, he writes:

> The real interests of the great industrialist or financier lie in cosmopolitan organization, and the material development of the world commonweal, but his womenfolk pin flags all over him and his sons are prepared to sacrifice themselves and all his business creations for the sake of trite splendors and Ruritarian romance.

He despises our traditional reverences:

> Flags, uniforms, national anthems, patriotism sedulously cultivated in church and school, the brag, blare, and bluster of our competing sovereignties, belong to the phase of development we [the Open Conspiracy] would supersede.

At times he has a messianic egotism; he is a pioneer and prophet and he is a little scornful of other prophets. "The 'class war' of the Marxist is merely a poor snobbish imitation" of the arrogance of the upper classes, "a pathetic, stupid, indignant reversal of and retort to the old arrogance, an *upward* arrogance." The Communist Workers' Republic of Russia is after ten years of experiment only unifying cant, though there may be ideas in all these experiments which the Open Conspiracy can assimilate. The Labor movement is also on the wrong road or a very short road. "The Labor revolutionary . . . believes that every one is as capable as anyone else if not more so." Wells believes that the ideas of the world are made by the intellectual minority. That does not mean the economic minority, for ideas may come from any class, "privileged" or poor.

The purpose is to group and consolidate all capable, intelligent people, but at first only in clusters here and there for propaganda, education, intellectual contest. Some actual physical fighting may be necessary if inferior people resort to force against the new world. But the early leaders toward that new world must work by peaceful persuasion, self-discipline, and sacrifice. Gradually the Open Conspiracy will spread until it conquers the world and makes it a fit place for all mankind.

That idea has been cherished by many kinds of internationalists, pacifists, socialists, anarchists, and other thinkers and dreamers, rational or poetic. But how? The concluding words of this book are: "Saving the impact of some unimagined disaster from outer space, the ultimate decision of the fate of life upon this planet lies now in the will of man." That is, for all its eloquence, close to nonsense. A student of philosophy like Wells should know that the will of man has only a small though important part to play in his destiny, collective or individual. His nature is complicated and the forces that surround him on this planet, without any unimagined disaster from outer space, are often in bewildering conflict with his will.

This book is not a blue print. It is a first sketch, an introduction to future books by Wells. He says that he has "schemed out a group of writings to embody the necessary ideas of the new time," a sort of "Bible," which may become obsolescent, but the substantial method of which will remain. He considers his "Outline of History" the first part and promises as the second part "The Science of Life" and as the third, "The Conquest of Power." It may be that this new Bible like the older one is to be divided into historical books and prophetic. Before we join the Open Conspiracy we shall have to wait for the prophecies. And they will have to be more definite than the present book, if we are to feel that we have a guide or even a guiding idea, anything to take hold of and work at to bring us one step nearer to the "World Revolution."

JOHN MACY

William Randolph Hearst

W. R. Hearst, An American Phenomenon. By John K. Winkler. Simon and Schuster. New York. $4.

MR. WINKLER has expanded into this volume some articles which originally appeared in the *New Yorker*. His is the first effort to treat at length what is indeed an American phenomenon, albeit a very unhappy one. Here are gathered more of the facts which go to make up the life-story of Mr. Hearst than have yet been made accessible. None the less, Mr. Winkler could have dug out a good many more. He seems, for instance, to have taken only those documents in regard to his subject brought out by the inquiry of the Senate Judiciary Committee into war propaganda which have already been published. There are many more that deserve notice. Again, he has not touched in any way upon the Central Pacific episode in Mr. Hearst's early career, which led to the charge that he had taken money from that railroad. Nor has he mentioned the speech delivered in Congress, by Grove L. Johnson, father of the present Senator Hiram Johnson. Surely no more terrible indictment of a semi-public man was ever talked into the columns of the *Congressional Record*.

For the rest, Mr. Winkler handles his matter well and entertainingly and gives in the main a valuable and entirely honest picture of one of the most singular and unhappy figures of our times. Hearst's contradictions, his vacillation, his rare genius as a purveyor of sensationalism, his extraordinary mastery of his trade, his mania for collecting, these and much more are well

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set forth. Not, however, the injury that this man has done to the press as a whole, or his complete lack of principle, or the untold misery he has inflicted upon the endless victims of his remorseless sensationalism. Like others, Mr. Winkler seems blinded by Mr. Hearst's financial and circulation successes. Incredible as it seems, he really believes that Hearst has been "more of an asset than a liability to America" and that "he has awakened the public consciousness of the average citizen to such an extent that no political boss of the type of Buckley, Tweed, or Croker will again flourish in any American city . . .!" This in the face of the revelations as to Mayor Thompson of Chicago, Boss Hague of Jersey City, and all the loathsome police and political corruption of Philadelphia!

Again, Mr. Winkler is sure that Mr. Hearst has made impossible in America any such "politico-commercial alliance as that of the Standard Oil and Mark Hanna." Yet this was written just after the revelations of the politico-commercial alliance of Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair with the rascals of the Harding Administration, which would have resulted in the stealing of hundreds of millions of dollars from the American people if it had not been for the watchfulness of Robert M. La Follette, an alliance far more dangerous than that of Hanna and the Standard Oil.

No, Mr. Winkler's book is easy reading and of distinct value, but it does not approximate the definitive life of this particular phenomenon of whom Mr. Winkler is a lively chronicler, but no judge.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

What's Happening in American Labor?

American Labor Year Book (1928). The Rand School of Social Science. $2.50.

Don't Tread on Me. By McAlister Coleman and Clement Wood. Vanguard Press. Fifty cents.

Spies in Steel. By Frank Palmer. Denver (Colorado) Labor Press. Fifty cents.

The Workers' Party and the American Trade Unions. By David Schneider. Johns Hopkins Press.

THERE has never been a comprehensive saga written about the American labor movement, though it is a theme worthy of one. This lack is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is an organic human movement. It has great weaknesses and great strength; it is many-faceted; it has several faces with which it greets the employer—and as many again for its own membership and friends. One might as well try to write the story of what is wrong with man. Everything and nothing! To the conservative old-line trade unionist the policies of the present trade-union movement are right. To the younger progressive unionist the labor movement has ceased moving. The trends are backward trends relative to the ideals of the workers' republic in Russia or the accomplishments of organized labor abroad. Certain specific studies, however, are being made of tendencies in the American labor movement.

The "American Labor Year Book" of 1928, issued by the Labor Research Department of the Rand School, is an excellent almanac of events and issues in the workers' world. Almanacs usually contain pure scientific facts unadulterated by personalities and whimsical temperaments. Consequently, these almanacs are rarely used by the layman who has no desire to call upon his imagination to dress the facts into generalizations that he can understand. The "American Labor Year Book" gives the developments in American industry, commerce, and finance. It adds to this factual information a paragraph describing the effect of these trends upon the plight of the American farmer and worker. The book is enhanced in value by an analysis of the fundamental economic problems which will constitute the political issues this fall.

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Of this story of Odo Le Noir, called "The Blessed", there have been printed 3250 numbered copies, set in Poliphilus type and printed on hand-made, Italian paper. There are eight full page illustrations by Robert E. Locher. This advertisement is inserted as a matter of record, for the edition has been oversubscribed by the booksellers before publication.
Published Nov. 15th *Quarto,* $10.00

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In a compact booklet of less than a hundred pages Frank Palmer has exposed the most insidious and effective weapon used by organized capital in industrial warfare—the spy system. Several years ago the labor spy was described in a comprehensive survey of his activities in many industries. Mr. Palmer has limited his investigations and secured his documentary evidence from the steel trust in the Mesaba Iron Range.

There are other weapons, to be sure. These are described by Clement Wood and McAlister Coleman in a book on the injunction, the court, the publicity agent or industrial-relations expert, the boycott, the "yellow-dog contract"—all modern implements of industrial conflict. The authors make an unusual plea—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." If Capital uses such weapons in a successful offensive against Labor, why should not Labor use the same weapons in an aggressive warfare against Capital? They urge Labor "to assume the aggressive in legal matters, thereby removing some of the inequalities of the usual industrial dispute, establishing precedents in favor of labor, and creating new respect for the labor movement on the part of its members, the courts, and the public." It is to be doubted whether such an offensive can be effective in a country where justice is so indissolubly linked with the vested interests. It is also to be doubted whether the organized trade unions have sufficient strength, sufficient spiritual integrity, or a sufficiently large purse to enter the legal tournament and demand justice for workers.

In a well-documented dissertation Mr. Schneider presents the facts concerning the most recent trends in the trade-union movement—the left-wing and Communist influence upon the American trade unions. He traced the history of insurgent movements in six of the largest unions—including the machinists, the united mine workers, and the needle-trades unions. He has attempted to make as scientific a study of controversial situations as it was possible to make. He has been unable to indicate the nuances of economic opinion, the conflicts of personalities, and the rigidity of certain union leaders—some of the real factors in the upheavals within the unions. Consequently he has not told the entire story. Neither has Mr. Schneider answered the many questions which the student of labor is asking. Why were the so-called radical unions the first to be propagandized by the Communist movement? Why did not the Communist Party attempt to organize the millions of workers in the industries unscathed by union control? Why did the American Federation of Labor leaders fight so bitterly the aggressive philosophy of the Communists and yet engage little of its energy in an aggressive offensive against the great industries fighting the organization of workers? It may be that these questions cannot be answered in the heat and passion of the fray, and yet they must be answered if Communist influence on the trade unions is to be understood.

THERESA WOLFSON

Better to Come

Lost Address. By Chard Powers Smith. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

CHARD POWERS SMITH'S second volume of verse appears in the American edition accompanied by the rather annoying fanfare of the publisher's blurb and some meaningless superlatives excerpted from English newspapers.

Readers who hurdle this barrier, however, will find a good many things of interest and some of value. The volume is superior in variety and in net accomplishment to the first collection. It remains for the most part, however, the attempt of a talented and mentally alert person to write poetry out of the periphery of a consciousness not yet analyzed or disciplined. The result is a succession of literary and rather derivative *tours de force* interrupted now and then by the emergence of the author in a relaxed and native moment which reveals a core

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of genuine mystical perception, clothed in simple and accurate language. This happens most frequently when Mr. Smith is responding to the stimulus of a powerful natural environment, as, for example, in the sonnet entitled Badlands:

A blue and silver evening solitude,
The coliseum of earth's youthful powers
Of colored fire and steam and lava showers,
Now cemeteried under hills of mud.
Fissured and hachured battleground where stood
The Indian gods and died, now battleground
Of snakes and rabbits. With a silver sound
The moon leaps up. The old gray earth is wooed.

Her wrinkled beauty loses place and age,
Hooded in night-blue clouds that will not rain—
A desert whose immeasurable disdain
Remembers Indian-like her youthful rage,
Breathing forgotten legends through the sage,
Chanting a desiccated cricket strain.

Mr. Smith seems determined to write for a public more discriminating than the poetry societies or the Athenia Clubs of the provinces—or the English newspaper critics. One therefore confidently expects another volume in which "beauty" will never be aspostrophized, but will manifest herself more often, in which the word "dream" will be used less expansively; in which Mr. Smith's increasing technical competence and power of self-criticism will surpass his present derivations.

JAMES RORTY

Fiction Shorts

Jingling in the Wind. By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press. $2.

With the best will in the world, one can do little more with this satiric extravaganza than chuckle appreciatively at occasional flashes of fantasy and nod heavily over the remainder of the book. Miss Roberts's intention is not at all clear: part of the time she appears to be poking fun at ol' man Babbitt, part of the time flying off into humorous irrelevancies, and part of the time merely indulging in high-flown and turgid prose. "Jingling in the Wind" will puzzle the many admirers of Miss Roberts; but it will not cause them to look forward with any less anticipation to her next novel.

Good-Bye Wisconsin. By Glenway Wescott. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

"Good-Bye Wisconsin" is a collection of tales (some of them hardly more than sketches) preceded by a remarkable initial essay which strikes the keynote of the whole volume. This poetic evocation of the mysterious Middle-Western land warns us that Mr. Wescott is not dealing with standardized and molded mechanisms, but with unformed beings, with an America, perhaps, still to be born. The stories themselves are of unequal merit, the worst of them suffering from a calculated vagueness that is merely an inverted over-emphasis. Their main value is that they indicate, not conclusively but with a proper tentativeness, that in a land which our most popular novelists have found swarming with drummers and soft-headed farmboys, there is serious and tragic material for the adult novelist.

Nightseed. By H. A. Manhood. The Viking Press. $2.50.

Very original short stories of macabre and other-worldly quality by a new writer, hailed by Arnold Bennett as one of the finds of the year. One of the most refreshing things about Mr. Manhood is the fact that he does not follow in the footsteps of Katherine Mansfield. While many of his tales strain for mysterious, muted effects which do not quite come off, not one of them but is clearly the product of an independent

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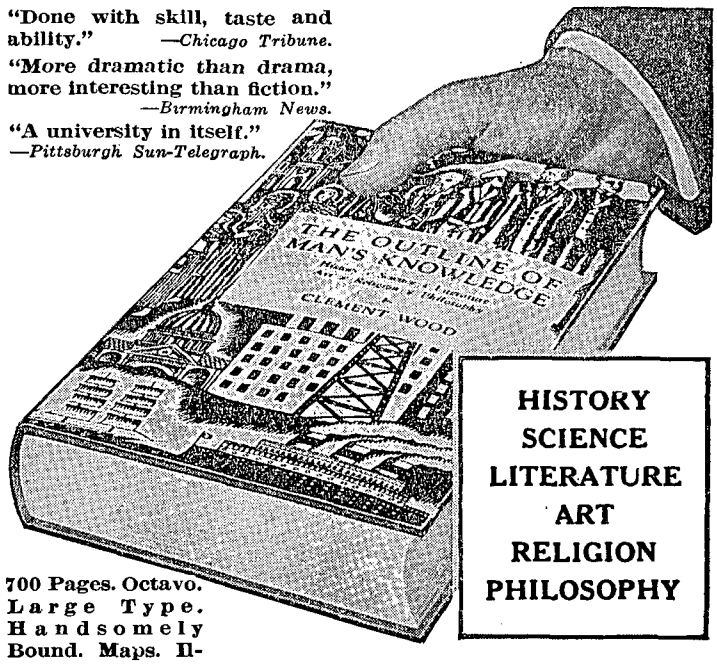

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temperament, a little too fond of strange and tortured phrase-making, perhaps, but otherwise gifted with a veritable sense of style.

Nothing Is Sacred. By Josephine Herbst. Coward-McCann. $2.

The life of a mean, gray, middle-class American family set down in a designedly mean, gray, middle-class American prose. Miss Herbst is as skilful within the limitations of her manner as anyone could possibly be; and she extracts from the petty tragedies of her characters more than one would think conceivable. Fiercely honest as this recent type of realistic writing is, it leads one to suspect its intrinsic artistic importance. The more one reads of Mr. Callaghan and Mr. Herrmann and Miss Herbst and even Mr. Lardner and Mr. Hemingway the more one feels that they, as a group, have essentially the same temperament that one feels in the nineteenth-century pessimists. But whereas Leopardi and James Thomson lived in a romantic era and could therefore express their personal despair in the form of lyric outery, our contemporary defeatists must disguise their intimations of futility with an over-conscientious objectivity. At times it seems as if Miss Herbst's carefully flattened style and piteously truncated characters were merely the inventions of a sophisticated intellect that is choosing this more difficult and delicate method in order to express indirectly a sense of complete fatigue. For if we do not consider it as a projection of a personal pessimism, Miss Herbst's novel, admirable and intelligent as it is, is in the end unmoving. The author is so adept that within a few pages she has communicated perfectly an atmosphere of sodden hopelessness; one hardly needs to read much further, unless one's intent be slightly masochistic.

The Boy in the Sun. By Paul Rosenfeld. Macaulay. $2.

The theme of this novel by one of our most widely known critics is familiar: the struggle between a sensitive youth and his father, complicated here by the problem of race-consciousness. The treatment is fresh-visioned and at moments moving: one would expect no less from Mr. Rosenfeld. Most readers, however, will quarrel with the style—jeweled, oblique, and imagistic, much too labored for the rather simple fable. The prose of Mr. Rosenfeld is really a reversion to Victorianism. Like the elders of that day, he chooses to call a spade an agricultural implement; and though the disguise is adopted for aesthetic rather than moral reasons it is none the less irritating.

Ariadne. By Isadore Lhevinne. The Globus Press. $2.50.

A mad, frenzied tale of the pursuit by an artist of an impossible woman-ideal. Overwrought and grandiose as much of "Ariadne" is, it remains an arresting book for those who are not afraid of the terrible beauties of delirium. Dr. Lhevinne's horrible pictures of leprous Siberian villages may be pure invention, but they have a macabre quality that sticks in the mind. Occasionally the prose reaches high points of poetry, and as often sinks into bathos and jargon.

Costumes by Eros. By Conrad Aiken. Scribners. $2.

Mr. Aiken's second collection of short stories is slightly inferior to his first, "Bring, Bring," but it should be read. Somehow they seem a little literary and worked-over, these tales in which all sorts of delicate changes are rung on the erotic motive. The best of them, perhaps, are the lighter satires, such as The Necktie or The Professor's Escape, which capture a note of elegant, whimsical humor that seems thoroughly un-American. More American, perhaps, is the pervasive sense of sexual frustration and inarticulateness which lies at the base of almost every story in the volume. The first tale, Your Obituary, Well Written, is a remarkable fictional transmission of the personality of Katherine Mansfield and it catches far more directly than ever did Henry James the peculiar characteristics of a certain type of modern literary temperament.

C. P. F.

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Drama

Some Grave Doubts About Goethe

IF the nineteenth century had a universal genius that genius was Goethe. No other writer of modern times has impressed the whole Western world so profoundly or so long, and no other has seemed so adequately to voice its complex aspirations. In him if in any one the conflicting elements which go to make up its soul were synthesized, and critics must, with a sort of desperation, profess their faith in the supreme greatness of his "Faust." It is near enough to us to be ours in a sense that the other accepted masterpieces are not, and in it, if anywhere, are we adequately expressed. In a dozen other works we have, to be sure, aspects of the modern soul impressively set forth, but what, except "Faust," have we to put beside the supreme achievements of Dante and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton? Where else should we turn in the search for something so inclusive and so complete and what, if our faith in that should be lost, remains for us to do except to confess that the grand style disappeared with Milton from off the face of the earth, that "we" (for Goethe is one of us as Milton is not) have lost an art that others had?

Moved, perhaps, by some considerations such as these the Theater Guild has chosen "Faust" (Guild Theater) as the object of its first experiment with the classics. For the purpose it has imported a director from Germany, where they are supposed to understand such things, and it has intrusted the preparation of the *mise en scène* to Lee Simonson, who is certainly one of the most resourceful of our stage designers. To the performance one goes, accordingly, with a sense that a good deal is at stake and from it one comes away with a sense which can only be described as one of depression. Dudley Digges (to whom the honors of the evening go) is an impressive Mephistopheles who gives to the Devil that streak of mere vulgarity which is so important a part of Goethe's conception; George Gaul is an acceptable Faust; Helen Chandler, a charming if not particularly profound Marguerite; and Douglass Montgomery an effectively passionate Valentine. Yet the fact cannot be escaped: "Faust" moves through its many scenes with a meandering listlessness and reaches, with the death of Marguerite, a pathetic conclusion which, so far as the theme of the play is concerned, is no conclusion at all.

Under the circumstances the safest thing to do would be to lay the blame upon some head less well protected by fame than that of the author. One might, for instance, suggest learnedly that the present production cuts the text at various points and that it somehow misses the profundities of the original. Or one might, on the other hand, speak no less learnedly of the unacted and unactable Second Part, protesting against any judgment of the whole based upon a consideration of nothing except a fragment. But two facts remain, first, that this fragment is, for stage purposes, the only whole we have and, second, that it is very difficult to put one's finger upon any defects of the present production sufficiently serious to account for the ineffectiveness of the play. There remains, therefore, nothing to do except to suggest, with all deference, that "Faust" is not a supremely great drama; that we tend to think of it as such because we think of it not by itself, but in connection with all the greatness that was Goethe, and assume that it expresses all that he either expressed elsewhere or wished to express. The problem which he intended to state and the synthesis he intended to achieve are not present there in any adequate form, even though hints of them are.

To say this is not, of course, to deny that the play has its Olympian moments, for there are magic lines and there

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"One revolutionary physician.—In a recent issue of *The Nation*, Mary Reed writes intelligently on Soviet Health and says: 'It is a rule of Soviet medicine that every doctor shall be a teacher as well as a healer.' Dr. Liber, more than any other physician in America, fulfills this humanistic conception most completely. . . .It is alarming to realize how few critics within its own ranks the regular medical profession has produced. . . . How pleasant and astonishing it is to find one medicine man (who believes very little in medicine) speaking out so lucidly and courageously as Dr. Liber does in this altogether enlightening and delightfully readable book. 'The Healers' might be characterized as a **sociological novel** with an autobiographical slant. When I try to answer the question as to what is the beautiful merit of this fine work I seem to think of the quality of sincerity as somehow nestling in every living part of it. Such flaming sincerity produces a kind of dramatic and poetic effect that many a more literary handling of material cannot create.

"Dr. Liber's mind cannot fit into any of the familiar medical grooves, regular or irregular, for the sufficient reason that a mind capable of sustained criticism and sincerity and humility can never fit into any of the traditional and conventional molds. To one who has any residual doubts about the quality of mind and heart present among our professional groups, let him read, for the sake of dramatic contrast, this touching and intelligent book. The only other kindred work I am acquainted with which can at all compare with 'The Healers' is the profoundly human 'Memoirs of a Physician' by Veressaieff. Dr. Liber's sociological novel is quite as human and much richer in knowledge and information and critical episode.

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are sublime episodes. Consider for a moment the early scene in the study during which Faust, aspiring after transcendent wisdom and convinced that merely human life has no longer any hold upon him, is about to drink the poison goblet, when the sound of the Easter music, remembered from childhood, revives in him the sweetness of his humanity. Surely the ending of that scene upon the triumphant exclamation "Earth hath her child again" is as sublime as anything in modern literature. Or, to take another example in a different mood, consider the scene in the kitchen where the romanticism of Faust and Marguerite is played against the cynicism of Martha and Mephistopheles in a fashion which invests the whole scene with the spirit of a wisdom transcending any which either of the contrasting moods can achieve alone. If the play as a whole fulfilled the promise of the first of these episodes, or if it moved consistently upon the level of the second, it would be as great as anyone can imagine it, but in sober fact it does neither, and Marguerite, more than anyone else, is to blame.

By rights her story is no more than a minor episode. Though the seduction of a virgin may properly be a part of Faust's great adventure it was by no means so nearly the whole of it as this drama would seem to indicate. The play breaks in the middle and comes very near to being her story rather than his. Sentimental gallantry was Goethe's besetting sin and it so seduced him here that he abandoned the attempt to write a philosophical tragedy in order to devote himself to the composition of a pathetic idyl from which the legend of his hero was never successfully extricated. Nor does the fact that the simple have lavished their affection upon little Gretchen indicate anything except the enormity of his divagation. There are, as a result, great moments in "Faust" but there are also scenes which deserved nothing better than to be set to music by Gounod—that eternal fount of toilet water, as Huysmans called him.

Eva Le Gallienne signalized the reopening of her Civic Repertory Theater with two new productions: "The Would-Be Gentleman" and "L'Invitation au Voyage." The first is a rather free adaptation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which turns Molière's satire into a boisterous but amusing farce; the second a skilful translation by Ernest Boyd of a very tenuous piece by Jean-Jacques Bernard. It is very mildly interesting and might adequately be described as not very much ado about nothing at all.

In "Straight Through the Door" (Forty-ninth Street Theater) and in "By Request" (Hudson Theater) is demonstrated the melancholy fact that a good actor cannot do very much for an indifferent play. In the former, William Hodge illuminates his little piece with humor and ease to no particular end; in the latter the Nugents, father, son, and daughter-in-law, walk through their scenes like the experienced hands they are. If Elliot Nugent could make it so "By Request" would be a first-rate comedy. But it is only mildly entertaining and quite harmless. The spirit of Rupert of Hentzau returned to Broadway in "The Command Performance" (Klaw Theater). A painfully handsome hero—Ian Keith—and a heroine with modernistic morals ornament a plot which is as thick and soft and warm as ever. "Billy" (Erlanger's Theater) is quite the freshest musical comedy of the season and is graced by a charming young lady named Polly Walker. "Ups-a-Daisy" (Shubert Theater) is remarkable only for the humorous and exciting agility of Buster West and the wild syncopations of a red-headed hoyden named Nell Kelly.

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International Relations Section

Japanese Propaganda

JAPAN is now making determined efforts to win the support of American public opinion for her policy in Manchuria. Her representatives in this country have two objects, to prevent the State Department from making an open attack upon the Japanese policy in Manchuria and to gain financial assistance for the development of Japanese undertakings there. The following article, written from the point of view of liberal Chinese opinion, is a shrewd analysis of Japan's American propaganda methods. It is from the *China Weekly Review* of Shanghai, edited by J. B. Powell.

The Japanese Government, according to reports in the semi-official news reports and press of Tokio, is planning to send a number of high-powered propagandists to the United States for the purpose of explaining to the American people the true virtues of Japanese policy toward China. Which indicates that Japan is not entirely satisfied with the results obtained by her other paid writers and propagandists already in the United States who have been advocating cooperation between America and Japan in a "strong" policy toward China. Among those whose names have appeared in the newspapers as possible members of the new propaganda corps are Viscount Kaneko, Viscount Shibusawa, Mr. Tsurumi, Dr. Nitobe, Baron Fujimura, and Dr. Dan Takuma, the latter being a high official of the Mitsui Company.

The purpose of this move, according to the press reports, is to convince the American people that Japan has been moved entirely by altruism in trying to block the unification of the Three Eastern Provinces, Shengking, Kirin, and Holungkiang, with the Nationalist Government at Nanking. Japan would also attempt to make the American people believe that some 25,000 to 50,000 troops are being maintained in Manchuria and 12,000 troops in Shantung Province, entirely for China's good. Then, in addition, this new corps of propagandists would attempt to explain to the American people that Japan's opposition to the revision of her commercial treaty with China and her insistence that the old treaty of 1866 is still in force is purely for the benefit of the Chinese people in that it prevents the Chinese Government from increasing the tariff rates on goods imported into China from Japan.

These are the major problems which Japan would attempt to explain away by oratorical and journalistic methods, but beyond them there would be many speeches to be delivered about Japan's "highly important position" as a sort of bulwark against the spread of Russian communism and bolshevism on the continent of Asia. Each of these Japanese publicists would, in all probability, carry with him a set of maps of Manchuria and Mongolia, not to mention the newly discovered territory of "Barga," for the purpose of showing to the American people how necessary it is for Japan to exercise control in these areas in order to prevent Russia from grabbing them. Then, finally, there would be much to say about the necessity of Japan controlling these areas as a necessary outlet for her surplus population and as a source of supply for her industrial development. It's a rather large program which General-Baron Tanaka, Japan's militarist Premier and Foreign Minister, has mapped out for the new propaganda corps which, we suppose, is to be used to replace or supplement the work of those already in America, including Messrs. Kawakami and George Bronson Rea, who fight the battles of the South Manchuria Railway in America, and their associates in China, Messrs. Henry Kinney and George E. Sokolsky, who perform a similar service in China by getting out literature here for dispatching to the United States. It is probably due to the magnitude of the job that several of the men named in the preceding paragraph have expressed considerable hesitancy in accepting the appointment as unofficial ambassadors to the United States.

General-Baron Tanaka has been guilty of innumerable blunders in his China policy since he became head of the Japanese Government, but any attempt to bolster up Japan's present "strong-arm" policy toward China by conducting a propaganda campaign in the United States probably would result in a still greater blunder. Practically all of Japan's expensive propaganda campaigns in the United States in the past have ended disastrously for Japan. About ten years ago the Japanese financed an extensive campaign of oratory and written publicity in America on the immigration question, the purpose being to convince Americans that California, Oregon, and Washington should be opened up as territories for Japanese coolie immigration. It is reported on pretty good authority that the idea of "quota" immigration, that is, immigration based upon a percentage of the nationals of the various foreign countries already in the United States, actually originated with the Japanese propagandists sent to America. Well, after several years of high-powered propaganda, Congress did adopt a "quota" immigration law, but, owing to the intemperate remarks of the Japanese Ambassador in the United States, who began talking about "grave consequences," Congress went ahead and barred the Japanese out altogether. Then, following the Washington Conference, the Japanese government-owned South Manchuria Railway financed an equally extensive publicity campaign in America the general purpose of which was to induce American capitalists to lend their money to the Japanese for the exploitation of Manchuria, hoping in this way to make America a partner in Japan's policy of aggression in China's Three Eastern Provinces. The South Manchuria Railway ran full-page advertisements in all of the leading American magazines and newspapers, all of which were carefully written to convey the impression that Manchuria was a separate country and not a part of China.

The culmination of this campaign came last year when Mr. Thomas W. Lamont and his staff of experts from J. P. Morgan and Company and the National City Bank of New York came to Japan and entered into negotiations with the Japanese financiers for a $40,000,000 loan to the South Manchuria Railway. Well, that carefully planned publicity campaign was knocked into a cocked hat in short order when the Nationalist Government and the Chinese chambers of commerce and bankers associations got busy and explained just what was behind the Japanese attempt to borrow American money for use in the exploitation of Manchuria.

Japan's good propaganda money was thus worse than wasted, for when the real facts became known in America, public opinion reacted against Japan with disastrous consequences and the reaction in American public opinion also did not help Morgan and Company and the National City Bank of New York. . . .

Japan's trouble with American public opinion is a fundamental one which cannot be cured by propaganda no matter how skilfully prepared or extensively disseminated. Japan suffers in American public opinion because of a lack of frankness in respect to her relations with her near neighbor China. Japanese delegates go to international conferences and make promises and affix their signatures to documents guaranteeing the territorial, political, and administrative integrity of China and then the Japanese Government, or at least the military clique in Japan, attempts by oblique methods to undo what the Japanese delegates have officially promised. The result is that Japan is always regarded with suspicion in the United States and the more the propaganda the greater the suspicion.

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The Churches and Peace

TO Alfred W. Martin, delegate of the Ethical Culture Movement, we are indebted for a brief summary of the recent Universal Religious Peace Conference at Geneva.

Never before was there convened an assemblage such as met at Geneva, Switzerland, September 12-14. It was composed of 124 persons, representing a remarkable variety of religious opinion and affiliation. They were invited by the Church Peace Union (founded by Andrew Carnegie) to come together to discuss the possibility of holding a Universal Religious Peace Conference in 1930 and, if held, what it might be expected to accomplish in the field of religion toward establishing international peace. The attending delegates included Hindus, Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Confucians, Jews, Mohammedans, Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholics, Protestant Christians, evangelical and liberal, Quakers, Theosophists, Bahais, and Ethical Culturists. It was unanimously voted to prepare at once for the proposed World Conference and to have it devoted exclusively to three distinct objects:

1. To state the highest teachings of each religion on peace and the causes of war.

2. To record the efforts of religious bodies in furtherance of peace.

3. To devise means whereby men of all religious faiths may work together to remove existing obstacles to peace; to stimulate international cooperation for peace and the triumph of right; to secure international justice, to increase good-will and thus bring about fuller realization of the brotherhood of men.

The official document presented by the committee appointed to draft a statement of conference aims read in part as follows:

Even as nations have been learning that no one of them suffices to itself alone, but that each needs to help and to be helped by others, so also the religions of the world will come to see that each must seek to serve and to be served in the work of peace, and to go hand in hand toward the common goal.

Hence it was resolved that a Universal Religious Peace Conference be held, to put in motion the joint spiritual resources of mankind; and that, without attempting to commit any religious body in any way, the conference consist of devoted individuals holding, or associated with, recognized forms of religious belief.

The universal conference designs neither to set up a formal league of religions, nor to compare the relative values of faiths, nor to espouse any political or social system.

Of this conference the sole purpose will be to rouse and to direct the religious impulses of humanity against war in a constructive world-wide effort to achieve peace.

Contributors to This Issue

EARL HANSON has spent four years in geographical and allied research in the Chilean Andes, the Atacama Desert, and in Iceland.

G. E. R. GEDYE contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Central European topics.

ROBERT STEWART is the dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada.

NORMAN THOMAS is the Socialist Party's candidate for President.

MARK VAN DOREN, until recently a member of *The Nation's* staff, is now a contributing editor.

JOHN MACY is author of "The Story of the World's Literature."

THERESA WOLFSON is the author of "The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions."

JAMES RORTY is the author of "Children of the Sun."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the dramatic editor of *The Nation*.

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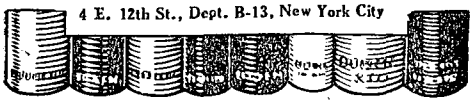

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